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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

HYMN.

BY MISS PHŒBE CAREY.

I said, how shall I ever tread
The way my Saviour trod?
How shall my fainting spirit reach
The shining hills of God?

For in our mortal pilgrimage,
Temptation we must meet,
And snares and pitfalls all the way
Are planted for our feet!

Then the last words which Jesus spake
To lost humanity,
Came down the ages, to my soul,
"Arise and follow me!"

Lord, I believe! help thou my faith
The way of life to see;
The weakness of the flesh I feel,
But I am strong in Thee!

August 19, 1851.

For the National Era.

ILL-STARRED—PART SEVENTH.

BY PATTY LEE.

The hush of the Sabbath evening hung over the world. Youths and maidens were crossing the green fields to the music of some rustic chapel, as the last light that burned about the sunset went out, and twilight opened her dusky wing, full of stars.

The rumbling of the wheels that went down the grass-grown lane, now dragging heavily through some deep-cut rut, and now gliding smoothly along the level sward again, scarce disturbed the silence. The cattle that lay along the fence, chewing the cud quietly, their sleek backs gray with frost, looked up with instinctive recognition, and the blue smoke curled upward from the old mossy and steep-roofed homestead, and the light (how far a little candle throws its beams!) shone forth its welcome from the narrow and old-fashioned window. They were almost home—Uncle Peter and Aunt Jane—they had had a good visit, but still they were glad to get back, for always

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's joyous bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home—
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

Poor Richard Claverel! there was no eye to look brighter for his coming; and as he sat on the little trunk that contained all his earthly effects, with his face turned away from his relatives, he was sad, for he was going forth to try once more if there were energy or manhood in him, though he secretly felt there was neither, for in his conviction, at least, he was really ill-starred.

"If it had been thus or thus," he would say, "I might have been different;" for he was vexed and maddened against everything for being what he was. Circumstances above his ordering had shaped his destiny, as he thought, and so sat helpless and faithless, and let the current drift him as it would.

What poor apologists we are, and how our judgments lean weakly in favor of ourselves. What is crime in another, in us is privilege or chance. Rules that are sacredly binding to others we may trespass if we will, for there is some sweet reservation of mercy for us that violated justice seals away from others; and so we sin, and draw after us a long train of evil and sorrow and remorse, even to the steep edges of the grave, and pity us, oh! our Father, if we also dim the pure radiance of eternity. How hardly is the spirit taught, amid all the trials and weaknesses and temptations of our mortality, to shape its upward flight!

Richard was sad, as I said; for a thousand times over we may say to ourselves, Can my weak hands wrest out my destiny from the power of Omniscience? Can I warp circumstances to my will? Can I be other than I am, and go yield to the sway of blind impulse? But a voice that condemns us—a still, small voice—is speaking all the while in our hearts, and making itself felt above our stormy declamation.

Turn right about from the tempter, weak idler, and work—work diligently and earnestly, doing what your hand finds to do with your *might*—and the wicked one will flee away. No mere intellectual resolve, though never so well founded, is strong enough without work. If you come to a rock that you can neither blast nor break, nor dig under, nor climb over, turn aside, but work on, and by little and little you will get forward, and each new step will give new strength for the next, till at last you will triumph, even though it be not till that "hoary flower that crowns extreme old age" shall have blossomed on your brow.

When the little journey was over, and the carriage stopped before the large red gate, Richard felt sadder than before—the monotony of his thought must be broken in upon—he must encounter new faces, and make some show of gratitude for the kindness he should receive. All this was painful to him, and so, in place of talking with his cousins, Joseph and Hannah, and listening to Aunt Jane's glowing account of Uncle Sammy Claverel's folks, as she made the tea and changed the butter-plate from one side of the table to the other, and rearranged the cups and saucers to such way as she was used to have them, he stole out of the house and sat down alone on an open porch, though the air was quite too cold for comfort. The cribs and barns and haystacks looked not as they looked at home; and the scythes and sickles and saws that garnished the wall of the porch were quite out of place, he thought. *His* father kept such like articles in a little room in the wagon house; and Uncle Peter seemed only semi-civilized. From the end of the porch fronting the south could be seen the little village of Medford, which lay some half mile away—clusters of white houses among the trees, gleaming lights, and one or two spires shooting up through the blue, were distinctly seen, for the clear moonlight streamed broadly over all.

There was to be the scene of his new efforts. What would be the result? Interest that he had not felt for a long time began to attach itself to the place, and he wished it were morning, that his work might begin, though he had nothing to do except to nail the sign of Dr. Claverel to the gate post, for the public road was a quarter of a mile from Uncle Peter's house, and the sign must therefore be at the gate opening to the lane. To the northward stood a thick wood, the edges of which were ragged with patches of clearing—half decayed stumps and snags of trees, blackened and charred—and now and then a tree with half its branches broken and crushed away by the fall of some neighboring fellow—caught the cold glimmer of the moonlight, and shivered to the passing of the wind.

In the midst of one of these openings stood a small log cabin, from the little square window of which the light streamed very brightly. There seemed to be no buildings about it; and Richard marvelled to himself as to the character of the people who lived there. A narrow strip of meadow and a part of the clearing only divided it from his view—some poor family of emigrants, he thought, or people who mend the roads. But as he looked and thought, the door opened, and a female figure was presented to his view, which, imperfectly as he saw her, belied his previous impression. Her arms were folded across her bosom, and she stood for some time as one transfixed; whether in musing mood, or in expectancy of some one, it was impossible to tell. Richard was half resolved to cross the meadow, and gain a nearer view, when Aunt Jane came to the door, and looking in every direction but the right one, exclaimed, "Where on earth is the boy?" and as she saw him, added, "Come in; you will get your death of cold." And Richard went in and ate with better relish, and talked more than he had done for a month. Perhaps he didn't know why himself, very probably not; nevertheless, if he had not seen the lady in the moonlight, the humanizing sensations he now experienced would have had no place in his heart. Once or twice he was about to ask something relative to the cabin, yet hesitated, he scarce knew why. And at length, thinking to gain indirectly the knowledge he desired, said—

"What a thick woods you have at the north, here."

"Yes," said Aunt Jane, and then proceeded to tell how a little neighbor boy had got lost there a few days previous, and that half the village had been engaged in the search; at all of which Richard expressed great wonderment, adding, "It will not be left there much longer for boys to get lost in. I see there are some clearings eating into it already." But in this he failed as before and went on to say that some sort of house stood close against the woods, if he were not mistaken; to which Aunt Jane replied, that he was not mistaken—that a house stood there.

"It seems a desolate place. Any person living there?" asked Richard.

Aunt Jane replied that no persons lived there, laying stress on the word persons—at which the young persons exchanged smiles.

"How do you like the view of our village by moonlight?" asked Uncle Peter; and Richard's curiosity was left ungratified for that night.

His chamber chanced to be at the north end of the house, and, before retiring, he drew aside the curtain, and looked forth. The light was still burning brightly as before, and a sudden shower of red sparkles issued from the low stone chimney as he looked, and ran, burning and glimmering, along the dark, indicating that the fire was not without tendance. He fell asleep thinking of the lady, and whether she were old or young, pretty or otherwise—concluding, of course, that she was neither old nor unpardonably plain.

The next morning after breakfast he discovered a small tree in the edge of the northern meadow, which he said wanted pruning very badly, proffering his services at the same time.

"It is not the season," said Uncle Peter; but Richard insisted that the season would make no difference, but that, in fact, he believed it was then the best season—and in a few minutes he had crossed the meadow, and was lopping off the boughs with alacrity, glancing now and then towards the mysterious cabin. There were roses and lilacs all around the door, ivy trained over the wall, and jasmine about the window. The fence enclosing the house was of the rudest description, and just without stood the blackened stumps and trees of which I before spoke; neither was the yard itself entirely free from them, but here they were covered with vines of wild grapes, hops, or the wild morning-glory, which in summer transformed them to columns of verdurous beauty. Just now, they were whitened with the snow-flakes which had fallen during the night. The curtain was drawn close over the window, and no other sign of life was discoverable, save the smoke which hung about the roof and settled in long blue ridges near the ground.

Richard was a long time pruning the tree, but the task was completed at length; and it proved an almost fruitless stratagem—for what he had seen heightened, without enlightening, his curiosity; and as he crossed the damp meadow homeward, he felt as much vexed as disappointed, and perhaps more so, when Uncle Peter said—

"I think the tree is not much improved; beside, you have made your feet wet and your hands cold; but that is not the worst—you have missed seeing the prettiest girl in the whole village."

Pretty girls were nothing to him, Richard said; and going moodily into the house, sat by the fire with the newspaper, in which he affected to be completely absorbed.

Presently Aunt Jane came that way, to see if her yeast, which was in an earthen jar, and covered with all of the table, placed close in the corner, were not rising, and, beating it briskly with the iron spoon, said—

"You asked, Dicky, something about the cabin across the field last night."

Richard merely said "Yes," without looking up, and she continued—

"The young woman who lives there was to see me this morning. She came in at one door the very minute you went out of the other."

"Ah," said Richard, for he was too much provoked to say more.

"Just see how my yeast is coming up!" exclaimed Aunt Jane. "My work is getting all before me. I stopped to talk too much with Caty."

Much as Richard desired to know something about the visiter, and if she were Caty, and wherefore she lived alone, he forbore to ask, so perverse is the human heart.

"Come, Richard," said Uncle Peter, as he drew on his mittens, "I am going down to Medford. Won't you go along? It will be beginning business, you know; and on the way we can taek up the sign."

But Richard said he didn't feel like going, and so moped about all day.

Busily Aunt Jane kept about her work; everything was ready for her just as she was ready for it, save that her yeast did get a little before her. However, she said she believed the doughnuts would be all the better for that—and, towards evening, when she fried them, expressed her conviction of the fact, asking Richard, as she gave him two or three, on a little blue dish, if he didn't think so, too. He thought them very good—probably all the better for waiting, and concluded by saying—

"What good luck some people always have!"

"Yes," said Aunt Jane, "it's better to be born lucky than rich;" and she gave him another cake, telling him to keep his fingers warm with that, and go, like a good boy, and put up the sign; that he didn't know how soon Dr. Claverel might be needed. There was no resisting this kind appeal; and taking the warm cake in one hand and the sign in the other, he did as directed. When it was fastened to the gate-post, he stepped a little aside, and whistling a tune, looked upon it with some degree of pride, as the badge of his profession. While thus engaged, a light step, crushing the snow, arrested his attention, and looking up, he saw before him a young and seemingly pretty girl, though she was too much muffled in hood and shawl to enable him to judge very correctly. In one hand she held a small basket, and in the other two or three books. "Some school-girl," thought Richard. "I will see to which of the pretty cottages yonder she betakes herself;" and giving the innocent sign a smart rap with the hammer, as he wondered whether she saw him looking delightedly at his own name, he leaned against the gate to await her movements, having fixed upon the cottage with green blinds, "for, surely," he thought, "she cannot be walking far." Nor was he mistaken in this. The cottages stood to the east of the road, which was bordered on the west by the woods, with the clearing and the cabin, which was away from the road, and nearly opposite Uncle Peter's. One, two, three, of the pretty cottages are passed, and he began to think, "this is the second time, today, I have reconnoitred in vain," when, opening a gate in the edge of the forest, the young lady began to cross the field in the direction of the little cabin. His way now lay parallel with hers, and musing whether she were the Caty that lived there alone, he walked homeward, not forgetting to remark whether her walk was terminated by the cabin door, which it was. He felt glad—triumphant, as it were; he had seen the object of the last night's curiosity, and found her all his fancy painted her, and entering the house in high glee, he said, as he removed the tea-kettle, which was boiling into the fire—

"Well, Aunt Jane, I have put up my sign, and more than that, I have seen Caty."

"You don't say!" said Aunt Jane, arranging the tea to steep; "but how should you know Caty Allen?"

"Caty Allen—rather pretty. Is that her name?"

"That is the name of the young woman that lives in the cabin, if it was her you saw. But," added Aunt Jane, "she is not so very young, either."

This last information didn't much please Richard, and he replied that he should not think her so very old—not more than forty.

"But," he continued, "how the deuce does she live alone?"

"It's a long story, and I must go and milk my cow;" and wrapping herself in what had once been her cradle blanket, Aunt Jane went forth, and the young man remained by the fire, listening to the singing of the tea-kettle, and in musing mood. He wondered why he didn't feel lonesome and home-sick, as he always before had felt. He supposed it was because he was at Aunt Jane's; and then the village looked beautiful in the distance on the one side, and the woods on the other. He would not have that away on any account. It was the fine background of a glorious picture.

There was a noise at the door. Could Aunt Jane have milked the cow so soon? A loud rap, as with a stick; and, opening the door, the person in waiting, a mechanic or laboring man of some sort, inquired if Dr. Claverel was in. Richard answered that was his name, drawing himself up with a sense of professional dignity; upon which the stranger said—

"I want you to come down and see my woman. She has suffered everything, I guess, with the toothache;" and, putting one finger in his mouth, he tried to show Richard which one he believed it was, and at the same time endeavored to tell the various remedies his woman had applied in vain—"mustard plasters and hops steeped in vinegar; but now it had got to jumping, and just five minutes before she had concluded to have it *drew*."

With scarce a regret for the warm fire and supper he left, Richard was off. He found his patient a pale, little, nervous woman, who seemed, as her husband said, to have suffered everything. Nevertheless, she still persisted in saying, she would rather have her head taken off than that the Doctor should touch her tooth, and asking over and over if he thought it would be painful.

"Slightly so," said Richard. "We can't draw teeth without giving some pain, but I have never had a patient make the least complaint of my manner of operating. Let me see the tooth, madam."

A little encouraged, and a little afraid of the Doctor, the lady opened her mouth; and without a moment's delay the fatal instrument was applied, and the offender extracted, the young Doctor saying, as he presented it to view—

"You see it is no awful thing to have a tooth drawn. Is it, madam?"

"Now, wouldn't you have been sorry," said the husband, "if the Doctor had came, and you would not have had it drew?" and he patted her cheek, calling her a little coward.

"Have you lived long in these parts?" imagining, probably, they had not been married long, asked Richard.

"Seven years and five months and two days and about three hours. Isn't it, wify?"

"I am sure I don't know," said the wife, blushing slightly.

"Now, you do know just as well as can be," said the husband. "You know we came the day you made the preacher the promise!"

"O, hush!" said the wife. "You have so many odd ways."

"Have I?" said the young man. "Let me see that little bit of a toofy?"

And Richard hastened to inquire whether there were much sickness in the village.

"Yes, sir," said the young man, "pretty considerable. She isn't well," indicating his wife. "She has never saw a well day since we have been here—and, touching his wife's comb with his riding whip, he said, "shan't the new Doctor come and cure you? Don't you want him to, if I want him to?"

It was soon agreed between them that the Doctor, who had so miraculously drawn the tooth, should call again in the morning, and continue his professional attentions till the lady should have quite recovered—the Doctor expressing the most sanguine hopes of fully restoring her health.

A new broom sweeps clean, is a saying that finds its application every day. Here was an instance. A poor woman had been sick for seven years without obtaining medical aid, chiefly because she washed for the Doctor who had previously lived in the village, and knew the number of his socks and shirts, as also the color of all his neckcloths. That *his* medicine could do her no good, it was very reasonable to believe; but when a new man came, there was no knowing the measure of his skill.

The lady repeated to all her neighbors the wonderful facility with which her tooth had been extracted, and affirmed that, though she died, nobody in the world should attend her but Dr. Claverel.

"I wonder if he can perform such wonders!" said one to another.

And so patronage came into his hands, and fortune at last seemed to smile; but, alas, in the brightening twilight of the morning hung the evil star.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENLARGEMENT OF THE CAPITOL.

The work on the foundation for the two new wings of the Capitol is going on, under the efficient and most admirable superintendence of Samuel Strong, Esq., with great speed and vigor. No better stone-masonry work has ever before been executed in this country. It does "a firm and substantial man" good to look at it. The granite foundation walls are broad and strong, and look as if they might be everlasting. They are walls "as are walls." Three hundred perch of them are laid per day. The best sort of harmony prevails between the workmen and the superintendent. The latter is mild, yet firm; humane, yet rigorous to have every man do his duty. No superintendent was ever better liked by, or more popular with, the workmen under him, and none ever succeeded in getting more or better work done with the same number of workmen. Mr. Strong thus far deserves great praise, and he receives it from all who visit his scene of operations. By the time Congress assembles, he will have the foundation walls all finished and the superstructure commenced.

Not $25,000 of the first appropriation of $100,000 have yet been paid out for excavating the vast amount of dirt which has been carted off, for the purchase of granite, cement, lime, sand, &c., and for laying the foundation walls, culvert walls, &c., to their present height.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Strong and Mr. Walter, the architect, and Capt. Easby, the able and efficient Commissioner of Public Buildings, all act, in their respective official capacities, in harmony and good-fellowship with each other. This is as it should be. Success to all good men and good enterprises, say we.

American Telegraph.

THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE'S NEW VOCATION.—Sweeter, clearer, and more heavenly than her own most enchanting strains, are the kind pulsations of Miss Lind's heart, when its chords vibrate to the touch of the beautiful and the holy. The following is among the most recent of her kindly offices. The servant maid who had charge of the rooms she occupied at Clifton House, Niagara Falls, attracted her attention by her beauty, affability, and fidelity. It so happened that this young lady, by name Margaret Atkinson, was about to be married, and the news reached the good vocalist's ears. She immediately purchased for her a becoming and beautiful trousseau, ear-rings, gloves, bonnet, &c., and with her own hands attended to her toilet on the morning of the ceremony. This done, she took her in her own carriage, having first read to her and her future husband the beautiful and affecting passages in the Scriptures applicable to the occasion, conveyed her to Lewiston, entered the Episcopal Church, and there officiated as Margaret's bridesmaid. There is no Queen in Europe that would not be proud of such a maid of honor on a similar occasion.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

For the National Era.

A SEA-SIDE THOUGHT.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

Oh, thou blue Ocean, on thy breast
Gay barks float idly by,
By the soft summer winds caressed,
And smiled on by a cloudless sky.

But far away, beyond this tide
Slow-beating on the shore,
Where the great ships untrammeled ride,
And the long billows chafe and roar—

Out on the great, wild, heaving Deep,
There riots many a storm,
And the fierce waters swell and sweep
O'er many a heart once beating warm.

Oh, thou blue Ocean! who might guess,
Gazing as I do now
On yon bright waves, whose calm caress
Goes murmuring round each graceful prow—

That such dark secrets slept beneath
These ripples flecked with gold?
That such wild tales of wreck and death
Thy distant surges might unfold?

So once on Life's calm brink I lay,
A happy little child,
Caressed by ripples in their play,
While Hope's blue sky looked down and smiled.

Alas, how little then I thought
Of stormy seas afar,
Where the great skies are tempest-fraught,
And the great billows rage and war!

Oh, wrecks of Hope, and Trust, and Love,
That sleep Life's waves below,
Where the wild seas have closed above,
And left no trace of wreck and woe—

Come from the caverns where ye lie,
For Faith itself grows wild—
Bring back to me the sunny sky
That spanned me when I was a child!

Bring back the Faith, the Hope, the Glee,
That blest those days of yore—
Bring back the heart of youth to me—
Make me a little child once more!

In vain! oh, thou blue, restless Sea,
Thy Dead shall rise at last—
But what loud trump shall wake for me,
The Loves and Hopes of that dear Past?

Marblehead, Mass.

For the National Era.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN:
OR,
LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

CHAPTER XVII.—*The Freeman's Defence.*

There was a gentle bustle at the Quaker house as the afternoon drew to a close. Rachel Halliday moved quietly to and fro, collecting from her household stores such needments as could be arranged in the smallest compass, for the wanderers who were to go forth that night. The afternoon shadows stretched eastward, and the round, red sun stood thoughtfully on the horizon, and his beams shone yellow and calm into the little bed-room where George and his wife were sitting. He was sitting with his child on his knee, and his wife's hand in his. Both looked thoughtful and serious, and traces of tears were on their cheeks.

"Yes, Eliza," said George, "I know all you say is true. You are a good child—a great deal better than I am; and I will try to do as you say. I'll try to act worthy of a free man. I'll try to feel like a Christian. God Almighty knows that I've meant to do well—tried hard to do well—when when everything has been against me; and now I'll forget all the past, and put away every hard and bitter feeling, and read my Bible, and learn to be a good man."

"And when we get to Canada," said Eliza, "I can help you. I can do dress-making very well; and I understand fine washing and ironing, and between us we can find something to live on."

"Yes, Eliza, so long as we have each other and our boy. Oh! Eliza, if these people only knew what a blessing it is for a man to feel that his wife and child belong to *him!* I've often wondered to see men that could call their wives and children *their own*, fretting and worrying about anything else. Why, I feel rich and strong, though we have nothing but our bare hands. I feel as if I could scarcely ask God for any more. Yes, though I've worked hard every day, till I am twenty-five years old, and have not a cent of money nor a roof to cover me, nor a spot of land to call my own, yet, if they will only let me alone now, I will be satisfied—thankful; I will work, and send back the money for you and my boy. As to my old master, he has been paid five times over for all he ever spent for me. I don't owe him anything."

"But yet we are not quite out of danger," said Eliza, "we are not yet in Canada."

"True," said George, "but it seems as if I smelt the free air, and it makes me strong."

At this moment voices were heard in the outer apartment in earnest conversation, and very soon a rap was heard on the door. Eliza started and opened it.

Simeon Halliday was there, and with him a Quaker brother, whom he introduced as Phineas Fletcher. Phineas was tall and lathy, red-haired, with an expression of great acuteness and shrewdness in his face. He had not the placid, quiet, unworldly air of Simeon Halliday; on the contrary, a particularly wide-awake and *au fait* appearance, like a man who rather prides himself on knowing what he *is* about, and keeping a bright lookout ahead—peculiarities which sorted rather oddly with his broad brim and formal phraseology.

"Our friend Phineas hath discovered something of importance to the interests of thee and thy party, George," said Simeon; "it were well for thee to hear it."

"That I have," said Phineas, "and it shows the use of a man's always sleeping with one ear open, in certain places, as I've always said. Last night I stopped at a little lone tavern, back on the road. Thee remembers the place, Simeon, where we sold some apples, last year, to that fat woman, with the great ear-rings. Well, I was tired with hard driving; and after my supper, I stretched myself down on a pile of bags in the corner, and pulled a buffalo over me, to wait till my bed was ready, and what does I do but get fast asleep."

"With one ear open, Phineas?" said Simeon, quietly.

"No; I slept, ears and all, for an hour or two, for I was pretty well tired; but when I came to myself a little, I found that there were some men in the room, sitting round a table, drinking and talking; and I thought, before I made much muster, I'd just see what they were up to—especially as I heard them say something about the Quakers. 'So,' says one, 'they are up in the Quaker Settlement, no doubt,' says he. Then I listened with both ears, and I found that they were talking about this very party. So I lay, and heard them lay off all their plans. This young man, they said, was to be sent back to Kentucky, to his master, who was going to make an example of him, to keep all niggers from running away; and his wife, two of them was going to run down to New Orleans to sell, on their own account, and they calculated to get sixteen or eighteen hundred dollars for her; and the child, they said, was going to a trader, who had bought him; and then there was the boy, Jim, and his mother—they were to go back to their master's in Kentucky. They said that there were two constables in a town a little piece ahead, who would go in with 'em to get 'em taken up, and the young woman was to be taken before a judge; and one of the fellows, who is small and smooth spoken, was to swear to her for his property, and get her delivered over to him to take South. They've got a right notion of the track we are going to-night; and they'll be down after us, six or eight strong. So, now, what's to be done?"

The group that stood in various attitudes, after this communication, were worthy of a painter. Rachel Halliday, who had taken her hands out of a batch of biscuit, to hear the news, stood with them upraised and floury, and with a face of the deepest concern. Simeon looked profoundly thoughtful; Eliza had thrown her arms around her husband, and was looking up to him. George stood with clenched hands and glowing eyes, and looking as any other man might look, whose wife was to be sold at auction, and son sent to a trader, all under the shelter of a Christian nation's laws.

"What *shall* we do, George?" said Eliza, faintly.

"I know what *I* shall do," said George, as he stepped into the little room and began examining his pistols.

"Aye, aye," said Phineas, nodding his head to Simeon; "thou seest, Simeon, how it will work."

"I see," said Simeon, sighing; "the Lord grant it come not to that."

"I don't want to involve any one with or for me," said George. "If you will lend me your vehicle and direct me, I will drive alone to the next stand. Jim is a giant in strength, and brave as death and despair—and so am I."

"Ah, well, friend," said Phineas, "but thee'll need a driver, for all that. Thee's quite welcome to do all the fighting, thee knows; but I know a thing or two about the road that thee doesn't."

"But I don't want to involve you," said George.

"Involve," said Phineas, with a curious and keen expression of face. "When thee does involve me, please to let me know."

"Phineas is a wise and skillful man," said Simeon. "Thee does well, George, to abide by his judgment; and," he added, laying his hand kindly on George's shoulder, and pointing to the pistols, "be not over hasty with these—young blood is hot."

"I will attack no man," said George. "All I ask of this country is to be let alone, and I will go out peaceably; but"—he paused, and his brow darkened and his face worked. "I've had a sister sold in that New Orleans market. I know what they are sold for; and am I going to stand by and see them take my wife and sell her, when God has given me a pair of strong arms to defend her? No; God help me! I'll fight to the last breath before they shall take my wife and son. Can you blame me?"

"Mortal man cannot blame thee, George. Flesh and blood could not do otherwise," said Simeon. "Wo unto the world because of offences, but wo unto them through whom the offence cometh."

"Would not even you, sir, do the same, in my place?"

"The Lord grant I be not tried," said Simeon; "the flesh is weak."

"I think my flesh would be pretty tolerable strong in such a case," said Phineas, stretching out a pair of arms like the sails of a windmill. "I ain't sure, friend George, that I shouldn't hold a fellow for thee, if thee had any accounts to settle with him."

"If man should *ever* resist evil," said Simeon, "then George should feel free to do it now; but the leaders of our people taught a more excellent way: for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God; but it goes sorely against the corrupt will of man, and none can receive it save they to whom it is given. Let us pray the Lord that we be not tempted."

"And so *I do*," said Phineas; but if we are tempted too much —— why, let them look out—that's all."

"It's quite plain thee wasn't born a Friend," said Simeon, smiling. "The old nature hath its way in thee pretty strong, as yet."

To tell the truth, Phineas had been a hearty, two-fisted backwoodsman—a vigorous hunter, and a dead shot at a buck—but, having wooed a pretty quakeress, had been moved by the power of her charms to join the Society in his neighborhood; and though he was an honest, sober, and efficient member, and nothing particular could be alleged against him, yet the more spiritual among them could not but discern an exceeding lack of savor in his developments.

"Friend Phineas will ever have ways of his own," said Rachel Halliday, smiling; "but we all think that his heart is in the right place, after all."

"Well," said George, "isn't it best that we hasten our flight?"

"I got up at four o'clock, and came on with all speed full two or three hours ahead of them, if they start at the time they planned. It isn't safe to start till dark, at any rate, for there are some evil persons in the villages ahead, that might be disposed to meddle with us if they saw our wagon, and that would delay us more than the waiting; but in two hours I think we may venture. I will go over to Michael Cross, and engage him to come behind on his swift nag, and keep a bright lookout on the road, and warn us if any company of men come on. Michael keeps a horse that can soon get ahead of most other horses, and he could shoot ahead and let us know if there were any danger. I am going out now to warn Jim and the old woman to be in readiness, and to see about the horse. We have a pretty fair start, and stand a good chance to get to the stand before they can come up with us. So, have good courage, friend George—this isn't the first ugly scrape that I've been in with thy people," said Phineas, as he closed the door.

"Phineas is pretty shrewd," said Simeon. "He will do the best that can be done for thee, George."

"All I am sorry for," said George, "is the risk to you."

"Thee'll much oblige us, friend George, to say no more about that. What we do we are conscience bound to do; we can do no other way. And now, mother," said he, turning to Rachel, "hurry thy preparations for these friends, for we must not send them away fasting."

And while Rachel and her children were busy making corn cake and cooking ham and chicken, and hurrying on the et ceteras of the evening meal, George and his wife sat in their little room, with their arms folded about each other, in such talk as husband and wife have when they know that a few hours may part them forever.

"Eliza," said George, "people that have friends, and houses, and lands, and money, and all those things, *can't* love as we do, who have nothing but each other. Till I knew you, Eliza, no creature ever had loved me but my poor, heart-broken mother and sister. I saw poor Emily that morning the trader carried her off. She came to the corner where I was lying asleep, and said, 'Poor George, your last friend is going. What will become of you, poor boy?' And I got up and threw my arms round her, and cried and sobbed, and she cried too; and those were the last kind words I got for ten long years; and my heart all withered up, and felt as dry as ashes, till I met you. And your loving me! why, it was almost like raising one from the dead! I've been a new man ever since! And now, Eliza, I'll give my last drop of blood, but they *shall not* take you from me. Whoever gets you must walk over my dead body."

"Oh, Lord, have mercy," said Eliza, sobbing. "If he will only let us get out of this country together, that is all we ask."

"Is God on their side?" said George, speaking less to his wife than pouring out his own bitter thoughts. "Does he see all they do? Why does he let such things happen? And they tell us that the Bible is on their side; certainly all the power is. They are rich and healthy and happy; they are members of churches, expecting to go to heaven; and they get along so easy in the world, and have it all their own way; and poor, honest, faithful Christians—Christians as good or better than they—are lying in the very dust under their feet. They buy 'em and sell 'em, and make trade of their heart's blood and groans and tears—and God *lets* them."

"Friend George," said Simeon, from the kitchen, "listen to the Psalm: it may do thee good."

George drew his seat near the door, and Eliza, wiping her tears, came forward also to listen, while Simeon read as follows:

"But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped. For I was envious of the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. They are not in trouble like other men, neither are they plagued like other men. Therefore pride compasseth them as a chain—violence covereth them as a garment. Their eyes stand out with fatness—they have more than heart could wish. They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression—they speak loftily. Therefore his people return, and the waters of a full cup are wrung out to them, and they say, How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High?"

"Is not that the way thee feels, George?"

"It is so, indeed," said George—"as well as I could have written it myself."

"Then hear," said Simeon: "When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me until I went unto the sanctuary of God. Then understood I their end. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places, thou castedst them down to destruction. As a dream when one awaketh, so, oh Lord, when thou awakest thou shalt despise their image. Nevertheless, I am continually with thee; thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory. It is good for me to draw near unto God. I have put my trust in the Lord God."

The words of holy trust, breathed by the friendly old man, stole like sacred music over the harassed and chafed spirit of George; and after he ceased, he sat with a gentle and subdued expression on his fine features.

"If this world were all, George," said Simeon, "thee might indeed ask, where is the Lord? But it is often those who have least of all in this life whom he chooseth for the kingdom. Put thy trust in him, and, no matter what befalls thee here, he will make all right hereafter."

If these words had been spoken by some easy, self-indulgent exhorter, from whose mouth they might have come merely as pious and rhetorical flourish, proper to be used to people in distress, perhaps they might not have had much effect; but coming from one who daily and calmly risked fine and imprisonment for the cause of God and man, they had a weight that could not but be felt, and both the poor desolate fugitives found calmness and strength breathing into them from it.

And now Rachel took Eliza's hand kindly, and led the way to the supper table. As they were sitting down, a light tap sounded at the door, and Ruth entered.

"I just ran in," she said, "with these little stockings for the boy—three pair nice, warm, woollen ones. It will be so cold, thee knows, in Canada. Does thee keep up good courage, Eliza?" she added, tripping round to Eliza's side of the table, and shaking her warmly by the hand, and slipping a seed cake into Harry's hand. "I brought a little parcel of these for him," she said, tugging at her pocket to get out the package. "Children, thee knows, will always be eating."

"Oh, thank you; you are too kind," said Eliza.

"Come, Ruth, sit down to supper," said Rachel.

"I couldn't any way. I left John with the baby and some biscuits in the oven, and I can't stay a moment—else John will burn up all the biscuits, and give the baby all the sugar in the bowl. That's the way he does," said the little Quakeress, laughing. So good bye, Eliza—good bye, George—the Lord grant thee a safe journey;" and, with a few tripping steps, Ruth was out of the apartment.

A little while after supper, a large covered wagon drew up before the door—the night was clear starlight—and Phineas jumped briskly down from his seat to arrange his passengers. George walked out of the door, with his child on one arm and his wife on the other. His step was firm, his face settled and resolute. Rachel and Simeon came out after them.

"You get out a moment," said Phineas to those inside, "and let me fix the back of the wagon there for the women folks and the boy."

"Here are the two buffaloes," said Rachel. "Make the seats as comfortable as may be; it's hard riding all night."

Jim came out first, and carefully assisted out his old mother, who clung to his arm and looked anxiously about, as if she expected the pursuer every moment.

"Jim, are your pistols all in order?" said George, in a low, firm voice.

"Yes, indeed," said Jim.

"And you've no doubt what you shall do, if they come?"

"I rather think I haven't," said Jim, throwing open his broad chest, and taking a deep breath. "Do you think I'll let them get mother again?"

During this brief colloquy, Eliza had been taking her leave of her kind friend, Rachel, and was handed into the carriage by Simeon, and, creeping into the back part with her boy, sat down among the buffalo skins. The old woman was next handed in and seated, and George and Jim placed on a rough board seat front of them, and Phineas mounted in front.

"God bless you all," said Simeon from without.

"God bless you," answered all from within.

And the wagon drove off, rattling and jolting over the frozen road.

There was no opportunity for conversation, on account of the roughness of the way and the noise of the wheels. The vehicle therefore rumbled on, through long, dark stretches of woodland—over wide, dreary plains—up hills and down valleys—and on, on, on they jogged, hour after hour. The child soon fell asleep, and lay heavily in his mother's lap. The poor frightened old woman at last forgot her fears; and even Eliza, as the night waned, found all her anxieties insufficient to keep her eyes from closing. Phineas seemed, on the whole, the briskest of the company, and beguiled his long drive with whistling certain very unquaker-like songs as he went on.

But about three o'clock, George's ear caught the hasty and decided click of a horse's hoof coming behind them at some distance, and jogged Phineas by the elbow. Phineas pulled up his horses, and listened.

"That must be Michael," he said. "I think I know the sound of his gallop;" and he rose up and stretched his head anxiously back over the road.

A man riding in hot haste was now dimly descried at the top of a distant hill.

"There he is! I do believe," said Phineas. George and Jim both sprang out of the wagon before they knew what they were doing. All stood intensely silent, with their faces turned towards the expected messenger. On he came—now he went down into a valley where they could not see him; but they heard the sharp, hasty tramp, rising nearer and nearer—at last they saw him emerge on the top of an eminence within hail.

"Yes, that's Michael!" said Phineas; and raising his voice, "Halloa, there, Michael!"

"Phineas! is that thee?"

"Yes; what news—they coming?"

"Right on behind, eight or ten of them—hot with brandy—swearing and foaming like so many wolves."

And just as he spoke, a breeze brought the faint sound of galloping horsemen towards them.

"In with you! quick, boys! *in!*" said Phineas. "If you must fight, wait till I get you a piece ahead." And with the word, both jumped in, and Phineas lashed the horses to a run—the horseman keeping close beside them—the wagon rattled, jumped, almost flew over the frozen ground; but plainer, and still plainer, came the noise of pursuing horsemen behind. The women heard it, and looking anxiously out, saw, far in the rear, on the brow of a distant hill, a party of men looming up against the red streaked sky of early dawn. Another hill, and their pursuers had evidently caught sight of their wagon, whose white cloth-covered top made it conspicuous at some distance, and a loud yell of brutal triumph came forward on the wind. Eliza sickened, and strained her child closer to her bosom; the old woman prayed and groaned, and George and Jim clenched their pistols with the grasp of despair. The pursuers gained on them fast; the carriage made a sudden turn, and brought them near a ledge of a steep overhanging rock, that rose in an isolated ridge or clump in a large lot, which was, all around it, quite clear and smooth. This isolated pile, or range of rocks, rose up black and heavy against the brightening sky, and seemed to promise shelter and concealment. It was a place well known to Phineas, who had been familiar with the spot in his hunting days, and it was to gain this point he had been racing his horses.

"Now, for it," said he, suddenly checking his horses, and springing from his seat to the ground. "Out with you, in a twinkling, every one, and up into these rocks with me. Michael, thee tie thy horse to the wagon, and drive ahead to Amariah's, and get him and his boys to come back and talk to these fellows."

In a twinkling they were all out of the carriage.

"There," said Phineas, catching up Harry, "you each of you see to the women; and run, *now*, if you ever *did* run!"

There needed no exhortation. Quicker than we can say it, the whole party were over the fence, making with all speed for the rocks, while Michael, throwing himself from his horse, and fastening the bridle to the wagon, began driving it rapidly away.

"Come ahead," said Phineas, as they reached the rocks, and saw, in the mingled starlight and dawn, the traces of a rude but plainly marked footpath leading up among them; "this is one of our old hunting dens. Come up!"

Phineas went before, springing up the rocks like a goat, with the boy in his arms. Jim came second, bearing his trembling old mother over his shoulder, and George and Eliza brought up the rear. The party of horsemen came up to the fence, and with mingled shouts and oaths were dismounting to prepare to follow them. A few moments' scrambling brought them to the top of the ledge; the path then passed between a narrow defile, where only one could walk at a time, till suddenly they came to a rift or chasm more than a yard in breadth, and beyond which lay a pile of rocks, separate from the rest of the ledge, standing full thirty feet high, with its sides steep and perpendicular as those of a castle. Phineas easily leaped the chasm, and sat down the boy on a smooth, flat platform of crisp white moss, that covered the top of the rock.

"Over with you!" he called; "spring, now, once, for your lives!" said he, as one after another sprang across. Several fragments of loose stone formed a kind of breast-work, which sheltered their position from the observation of those below.

"Well, here we all are," said Phineas, peeping over the stone breast-work to watch the assailants, who were coming tumultuously up under the rocks. "Let 'em get us, if they can. Whoever comes here, has to walk single file between those two rocks, in fair range of your pistols, boys, d'ye see?"

"I do see," said George; "and now, as this matter is ours, let us take all the risk, and do all the fighting."

"Thee's quite welcome to do the fighting, George," said Phineas, chewing some checkerberry leaves as he spoke; "but I may have the fun of looking on, I suppose. But see, these fellows are kinder debating down there, and looking up, like hens when they're going to fly up on to the roost. Hadn't thee better give 'em a word of advice before they come up—just to tell 'em handsomely they'll be shot if they do?"

The party beneath, now more apparent in the light of the dawn, consisted of our old acquaintances, Tom Loker and Marks, with two constables, and a posse consisting of such rowdies at the last tavern as could be engaged by a little brandy to go and help the fun of trapping a set of niggers.

"Well, Tom, yer coons are farly treed," said one.

"Yes, I see 'em go up right here," said Tom; "and here's a path. I'm for going right up. They can't jump down in a hurry, and it won't take long to ferret 'em out."

"But, Tom, they might fire at us from behind the rocks," said Marks. "That would be ugly, you know."

"Ugh!" said Tom, with a sneer. "Always for saving your skin, Marks. No danger! niggers are too plaguy scared!"

"I don't know why I *shouldn't* save my skin," said Marks. "It's the best I've got; and niggers *do* fight like the Devil sometimes."

At this moment, George appeared on the top of a rock above them, and, speaking in a calm, clear voice, said—

"Gentlemen, who are you down there, and what do you want?"

"We want a party of runaway niggers," said Tom Loker. "One George Harris, and Eliza Harris, and their son, and Jim Selden, and an old woman. We've got the officers here, and a warrant to take 'em: and we're going to have 'em, too. D'ye hear? ain't you George Harris, that belongs to Mr. Harris, of Shelby county, Kentucky?"

"I am George Harris. A Mr. Harris, of Kentucky, did call me his property. But now I'm a free man, standing on God's free soil, and my wife and my child I claim as mine. Jim and his mother are here. We have arms to defend ourselves, and we mean to do it. You can come up if you like; but the first one of you that comes within the range of our bullets is a dead man, and the next, and the next, and so on till the last."

"Oh, come! come!" said a short, puffy man, stepping forward, and blowing his nose as he did so. "Young man, this ain't no kind of talk at all for you. You see we're officers of justice. We've got the law on our side, and the power, and so forth—so you'd better give up peaceably, you see; for you'll certainly have to give up at last."

"I know very well that you've got the law on your side, and the power," said George, bitterly. You mean to take my wife to sell in New Orleans, and put my boy like a calf in a trader's pen, and send Jim's old mother to the brute that whipped and abused her before, because he couldn't abuse her son. You want to send Jim and me back to be whipped and tortured and ground down under the heels of them that you call masters; and your laws *will* bear you out in it—more shame for you and them. But you haven't got us; we don't own your laws; we don't own your country; we stand here as free under God's sky as you are; and by the great God that made us, we'll fight for our liberty till we die."

George stood out in fair sight on the top of the rock, as he made his declaration of independence—the glow of dawn gave a flush to his swarthy cheek, and bitter indignation and despair gave fire to his dark eye; and as if appealing from man to the justice of God, he raised his hand to heaven as he spoke.

If it had been only a Hungarian youth now bravely defending in some mountain fastness the retreat of fugitives escaping from Austria into America, this would have been sublime heroism; but as it was a youth of African descent, defending the retreat of fugitives through America into Canada, of course we are too well instructed and patriotic to see any heroism in it; and if any of our readers do, they must do it on their own private responsibility. When despairing Hungarian fugitives make their way against all the search warrants and authorities of their lawful Government to America, press and political cabinet ring with applause and welcome. When despairing African fugitives do the same thing, what is it? It is ——.

Be it as it may, it is certain that the altitude, eye, voice, manner, of the speaker, for a moment struck the party below to silence. There is something in boldness and determination that for a time hushes even the rudest nature. Marks was the only one who remained wholly untouched. He was deliberately cocking his pistol, and, in the momentary silence that followed George's speech, he fired at him,

"Ye see ye get jist as much for him dead as alive in Kentucky," he said, coolly, as he wiped his pistol on his coat sleeve.

George sprang backward—Eliza uttered a shriek—the ball had passed close to his hair, had nearly grazed the cheek of his wife, and struck in the tree above.

"It's nothing, Eliza," said George, quickly.

"Thee'd better keep out of sight with thy speechifying," said Phineas; "they're mean scamps."

"Now, Jim," said George, "look that your pistols are all right, and watch that pass with me. The first man that shows himself I fire at; you take the second, and so on. It won't do, you know, to waste two shots on one."

"But what if you don't hit?"

"I *shall* hit," said George, coolly.

"Good! now, there's stuff in that fellow," muttered Phineas, between his teeth.

The party below, after Marks had fired, stood for a moment rather undecided.

"I think you must have hit some on 'em," said one of the men. "I heard a squeal!"

"I'm going right up for one," said Tom. "I never was afraid of niggers, and I ain't going to begin now. Who goes after?" he said, springing up the rocks.

George heard the words distinctly. He drew up his pistol, examined it, pointed it towards that point in the defile where the first man would appear.

One of the most courageous of the party followed Tom, and, the way being thus made, the whole party began pushing up the rock—the hindermost pushing the front ones faster than they would have gone of themselves. On they came, and in a moment the burly form of Tom appeared in sight almost at the verge of the chasm.

George fired—the shot entered his side—but though wounded, he would not retreat, but with a yell like that of a mad bull, he was leaping right across the chasm into the party.

"Friend," said Phineas, suddenly stepping to the front, and meeting him with a push from his long arms, "thee isn't wanted here."

Down he fell into the chasm, crackling down among trees, bushes, logs, loose stones, till he lay bruised and groaning thirty feet below. The fall might have killed him, had it not been broken and moderated by his clothes catching in the branches of a large tree; but he came down with some force, however—more than was at all agreeable or convenient.

"Lord help us, they are perfect devils!" said Marks, heading the retreat down the rocks with much more of a will than he had joined the ascent, while all the party came tumbling precipitately after him—the fat constable, in particular, blowing and puffing in a very energetic manner.

"I say, fellers," said Marks, "you jist go round and pick up Tom there, while I run and get on to my horse to go back for help—that's you:" and, without minding the hootings and jeers of his company, Marks was as good as his word, and was soon seen galloping away.

"Was ever such a sneaking varmint!" said one of the men; "to come on his business, and he clear out and leave us this yer way!"

"Well, we must pick up that feller," said another. "Cuss me if I much care whether he is dead or alive."

The men, led by the groans of Tom, scrambled and crackled through stumps, logs, and bushes, to where that hero lay groaning and swearing with alternate vehemence.

"Ye keep it agoing pretty loud, Tom," said one. "Ye much hurt?"

"Don't know. Get me up, can't ye? Blast that infernal Quaker; if it hadn't been for him, I'd a pitched some on 'em down here, to see how they liked it."

With much labor and groaning, the fallen hero was assisted to rise, and, with one holding him up under each shoulder, they got him as far as the horses.

"If you could only get me a mile back to that ar tavern. Give me a handkerchief or something, to stuff into this place, and stop this infernal bleeding."

George looked over the rocks, and saw them trying to lift the burly form of Tom into the saddle. After two or three ineffectual attempts, he reeled, and fell heavily to the ground.

"Oh, I hope he isn't killed," said Eliza, who, with all the party, stood watching the proceeding.

"Why not?" said Phineas; "serves him right."

"Because, after death comes the judgment," said Eliza.

"Yes," said the old woman, who had been groaning and praying in her Methodist fashion during all the encounter, "it's an awful case for the poor crittur's soul."

"On my word, they're leaving him, I do believe," said Phineas.

It was true; for after some appearance of irresolution and consultation, the whole party got on their horses and rode away. When they were quite out of sight, Phineas began to bestir himself.

"Well, we must go down and walk a piece," he said. "I told Michael to go forward and bring help, and be along back here with the wagon; but we shall have to walk a piece along the road, I reckon, to meet them. The Lord grant he be along soon; it's early in the day; there won't be much travel afoot yet awhile; we aint much more than two miles from our stopping place; if the road hadn't been so rough last night, we could have outrun 'em entirely."

As the party neared the fence, they discovered, in the distance, along the road, their own wagon coming back, accompanied by some men on horseback.

"Well, now, there's Michael, and Stephen, and Amariah," exclaimed Phineas, joyfully. "Now we *are* made—as safe as if we'd got there."

"Well, do stop, then," said Eliza, "and do something for that poor man; he's groaning dreadfully."

"It would be no more than Christian," said George; "let's take him up and carry him on."

"And doctor him up among the Quakers!" said Phineas; "pretty well, that! Well, I don't care if we do. Here, let's have a look at him;" and Phineas, who, in the course of his hunting and backwoods life, had acquired some rude experience of surgery, kneeled down by the wounded man, and began a careful examination of his condition.

"Marks," said Tom, feebly, "is that you, Marks?"

"No; I reckon 'tain't, friend," said Phineas. "Much Marks cares for thee, if his own skin's safe. He's off long ago."

"I believe I'm done for," said Tom. "The cussed sneaking dog, to leave me to die alone. My poor old mother always told me 'twould be so."

"La sakes! jest hear the poor crittur. He's got a mammy, now," said the old negress. "I can't help kinder pityin' on him."

"Softly, softly; don't thee snap and snarl, friend," said Phineas, as Tom winced and pushed his hand away. "Thee has no chance, unless I stop this bleeding." And Phineas busied himself with making some off-hand surgical arrangements with his own pocket-handkerchief, and such as could be mustered in the company.

"You pushed me down there," said Tom, faintly.

"Well, if I hadn't, thee would have pushed us down, thee sees," said Phineas, as he stooped to apply his bandage. "There, there, let me fix this bandage. We means well to thee; we bears no malice. Thee shall be taken to a house where they'll nurse thee first rate—as well as thy own mother could."

Tom groaned and shut his eyes. In men of his class, vigor and resolution are entirely a physical matter, and ooze out with the flowing of the blood; and the gigantic fellow really looked piteous in his helplessness.

The other party now came up. The seats were taken out of the wagon. The buffalo skins, doubled in fours, were spread all along one side, and four men, with great difficulty, lifted the heavy form of Tom into it. Before he was gotten in, he fainted entirely. The old negress, in the abundance of her compassion, sat down on the bottom and took his head in her lap. Eliza, George, and Jim, bestowed themselves, as well as they could, in the remaining space, and the whole party set forward.

"What do you think of him?" said George, who sat by Phineas in front.

"Well, it's only a pretty deep flesh wound; but then tumbling and scratching down that place didn't help it much. It has bled pretty freely—pretty much dreaned him out, courage and all—but he'll get over it, and may be learn a thing or two by it."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said George. "It would always be a heavy thought to me if I'd caused his death, even in a just cause."

"Yes," said Phineas, "killing is an ugly operation any way thee'll fix it—man or beast. I've been a great hunter in my day, and I tell thee I've seen a buck that was shot down and a dying, look that way on a feller with his eye that it reely most made a feller feel wicked for killing on him; and human creatures is a more serious consideration yet, bein', as thy wife says, that the judgment comes to 'em after death. So I don't know as our people's notions on these matters is too strict; and, considerin' how I was raised, I fall in with them pretty considably."

"What shall you do with this poor fellow?" said George.

"Oh, carry him along to Amariah's. There's old Grandmam Stephens there—Dorcas they call her—she's most an amazin' nurse. She takes to nursing real natural, and ain't never better suited than when she gets a sick body to tend. We may reckon on turning him over to her for a fortnight or so."

A ride of about an hour more brought the party to a neat farm-house, where the weary travellers were received to an abundant breakfast. Tom Loker was soon carefully deposited in a much cleaner and softer bed than he had ever been in the habit of occupying. His wound was carefully dressed and bandaged, and he lay languidly opening and shutting his eyes on the white window curtains and gently gliding figures of his sick room, like a weary child. And here, for the present, we shall take our leave of one party.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1851.

THE POSITION OF PARTIES–THE PRESIDENTIAL QUESTION.

After the Presidential nominations in 1848, it was predicted by some that there would be no more National Conventions. The agitation of the Slavery Question threatened to efface old party distinctions, and the election of General Taylor, a candidate without ascertained political principles, looked to the same result. Had his life been spared, and had his policy prevailed, it is not improbable that new political combinations might have superseded the old organizations, and the names, Whig and Democratic, have gone into disuse.

Mr. Fillmore, unlike his predecessor, was a party man, and, while professing great independence of party considerations, took care at the outset that his Administration should be thoroughly Whig. True, some Websterian rhetoric was expended about the Union, and the necessity of maintaining it by a great Union party, but all that was intended for the benefit rather of a distinguished member of the Administration, than of the Administration itself. Mr. Fillmore adopted what are called the Compromise measures, gave them the whole weight of his influence, and called upon the Whig party to yield support, or at least *assent*, to his policy. Positive approbation of course he could not require, but acquiescence, it was claimed, he had a right to demand, especially as his Administration was decidedly Whig.

As agitation subsided, old party lines began to reappear. Whig politicians were not blind to the advantage of sustaining a Whig Administration, determined to secure the triumph of Whig principles, and they sought everywhere to win for its measures on the Slavery Question, acquiescence, where open approval was impossible.

This general effort to reorganize the Whig party strongly favored the labors of the Democratic leaders for the reorganization of their forces. When the Whigs North and South were preparing to rally under their ancient banner, why should the Democracy remain divided and scattered? The old watchwords of party were revived. The exciting issues growing out of the acquisition of territory from Mexico, were disposed of, it was said—why persist longer in an agitation that could have no other result than the continuance in power of a Whig Administration? But, the Democrats of the South had taken the lead generally in violent movements on the Slavery Question, and were more intolerant on this question than the Whigs. Hence it became necessary to conciliate them by larger concessions than were demanded of Northern Whigs for the sake of Union—especially as Southern Whigs had an Administration already in their interest. Northern Whigs were required to *acquiesce* in the Compromise and Fugitive Law — Northern Democrats, to *approve* of them. This was the demand strenuously, importunately made by the Washington *Union*, the national organ of the Democratic party. From the time when the Compromise measures were passed, up to this date, it has constantly insisted upon this policy as the indispensable condition to the reunion of the Democratic party. The Democrats of Virginia, having agreed to the Compromise, were bound, it held, to declare to the North their unalterable determination to countenance no man or set of men who would not "thoroughly sustain it."

"The condition of the country, the safety of the Union, demand that the Southern Democracy should be fully understood on this point. Willing to yield much for the sake of the Union and to acquiesce in the past, the Democracy of Virginia will insist upon strict justice for the future, and will affiliate with no party or faction at the North which *does not come out squarely in favor of maintaining the compact in its full force, and of emphatically and explicitly reprobating further agitation of the slavery question.*"

This has always been its language; and we know what has come to pass. The Democracy of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Indiana, and New York, has acceded to this demand in its length and breadth. The Democratic State Convention of Ohio made no other response to it, than by reaffirming its old resolutions on the subject of slavery, but this prudent reserve was designed to secure the control of the State in the ensuing election: of the disposition of the Ohio Democracy to sustain the old Baltimore platform and whatsoever candidate may be regularly nominated at Baltimore, its support of General Cass in 1848 is a sufficient guaranty.

On every side the indications are manifest, that the Whigs are rapidly reorganizing their forces on the basis of acquiescence in the Compromise, and the Democrats, theirs, on the basis either of acquiescence or avowed and zealous support. Party lines are beginning to be as strongly marked as ever. We are to have National Conventions of the old parties, in which the South will be represented just as usual, and, just as of old, exercise its controlling voice in the nominations. The Slavery Question will hardly disturb their deliberations so much as it did in 1848—so adroit has been the preliminary discipline to which the parties in their State politics have been subjected. The action of the Democratic State Convention of New York is a pledge of support to Houston, Poinsett, Douglas, or anybody else whom the National Convention may nominate; that of the Whig Convention guaranties the support of New York Whigs, even to Mr. Fillmore, should the National Convention make him the nominee.

So much for the position of the Whig and Democratic parties. As to Presidential candidates, it is impossible to speak with much confidence. At one time the prospects of General Scott seemed to eclipse those of any other Whig candidate. His non-committal position on the questions which had for years agitated the country, was thought to be in his favor, and doubtless would have been, could a National Convention have been prevented. But, in such a Convention, this position must be abandoned, or his nomination will be impossible. No intelligent man surely can expect the Whigs of the South again to Taylorize themselves. General Scott must make up his mind to endorse the Compromise and Fugitive Slave Law, or he will stand no chance of a nomination; but if he should do this, he will divest himself of the strength which his friends now suppose him to possess in the Northern States.

As to Mr. Webster, we cannot believe that he is seriously thought of for the Presidency, outside of a few admiring cliques in some of our large cities. When the famous Union-Saving Committee in New York shall succeed in resuscitating sundry merchants who have recently broken, notwithstanding their speculating patriotism, Mr. Webster may hope for a political resurrection.

To us it seems clear that at present the probabilities are, that Mr. Fillmore will receive the nomination of a National Convention. He is in possession of power; Northern Whigs are so far reconciled to the obnoxious series of measures constituting the Compromise, that they now speak of his Administration in terms of strong approbation, and Southern Whigs are so well satisfied, that they will demand of him no more pledges. What he has *done* could be appealed to by them with far more confidence than what a *new* man might *say*—and his Northern supporters would find it easier to apologize for *his acts*, than for the *declarations* of another candidate, avowing in explicit language principles broad enough to embrace those acts, and the policy which they indicate. It is almost certain that Mr. Fillmore would receive the undivided support of Whigs North and South, although his nomination would probably arouse little enthusiasm: it is quite uncertain whether the two sections of the party could unite upon any other candidate.

These are mere speculations upon the tendency of current events; questions may arise, or events transpire, the coming winter, which may entirely change the aspect of things.

In relation to Presidential movements among the Democrats, some things are certain, some, quite the reverse. It is certain that a National Convention will be held, that the South will be fully represented, that the two-thirds rule will be put in force, that the old Baltimore resolutions will be reaffirmed, with additions and emendations to suit the times, and that either a slaveholder or a "doughface," committed fully to the support of the policy marked out by them, will be put in nomination. It is certain that General Houston, General Cass, General Wool, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Douglas, are competitors for the honor, but uncertain whether any of them will receive it. Messrs. Cass and Buchanan we consider nearly out of the question. The Democrats of Pennsylvania, if united upon the latter, might carry great weight in the National Convention, but they cannot pledge their united support to either him or General Cass. The deadly war now waged between the Buchanan and Cass men of Pennsylvania divests them of any claim to propose a candidate for the National Democracy, and must convince their associates in other States of the necessity of selecting some man not obnoxious to either faction.

Mr. Douglas is comparatively a new man, though a practiced politician. He is thought to be strong in the Northwest, and would probably receive pretty good support from the Democrats of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and would be quite as acceptable to the South as any other Northern man.

But, is the anti-slavery sentiment of the country to have no exponent in the next Presidential election? Will the hundreds of thousands of voters who believe that the Federal Government ought to be divorced from slavery, but that it will remain in vassalage to it so long as the old party organizations shall continue their present policy, acquiesce in their concessions to slavery, and support their candidates?

The action of the Free Soil party of Massachusetts answers the question. When such men as Adams, Palfrey, Mann, Allen, Howe, Sumner, Wilson, Buckingham, and Phillips, unite in calling a National Convention for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, they mean to make their principles felt at the polls in 1852, as they were felt in 1848. Their action, and the enthusiasm with which it has been responded to in Massachusetts, are a declaration that there will be at least three distinct political parties in the field next year; and that the Whig and Democratic parties will not have it all their own way.

The recommendation of the Free-Soilers of Massachusetts will be endorsed by their brethren in Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, and in the progress of the canvass next year they will find co-workers in New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and other States, in which the Free Soil organization has become extinct.

We are, to say the least, as well off for candidates as either of the old parties; for when we add to the distinguished names just mentioned, those of Jay, Hale, Niles, C. M. Clay, Lewis, Giddings, Root, and Chase, it is obvious that we may select as standard-bearers men admirably competent in all respects, and whom freemen should delight to honor.

* * *

Gen. Quitman, Secession candidate for the office of Governor of Mississippi, resigns the nomination, on the ground that a majority of the People, in the election of Delegates to a Convention, have declared against the opinion and policy which he counselled, and, as a good Democrat, he feels bound to abide by their decision. The Governor, it seems to us, has manifested an over-willingness to withdraw.

COMMITMENT FOR TREASON.

"Lancaster, *Sept.* 25, 1851.

"The magistrate has directed that the five persons, two white, Lewis and Hanaway, and three blacks, be committed to the custody of the United States Marshal, to be taken to Philadelphia, and there tried for treason against the United States. The examination of the thirteen remaining prisoners, blacks, has resulted in the discharge of six, and the remainder to be taken to Philadelphia for trial."

The *Southern Press* remarks, somewhat pithily:

"We have not made much comment on the Christiana tragedy, because, even if the case is not plain, it is to be judicially determined. And we do not approve of newspaper intervention in such matters. Other papers, however, continue their comments freely; and we observe a number of them are very anxious to designate the offence in that case, treason. Whether it be their design to promote an indictment that may be quashed, and thus permit the offenders to escape, or whether it is the policy to latitudinize the definition of treason for ulterior purposes we care not, but it is simply ridiculous to call the Christiana affair a case of treason."

We think so too; but it is necessary to give the South some extra evidence of loyalty to the Fugitive Law. The zeal of the Administration, also, may defeat the attempt of the *Pennsylvanian* to turn the affair to party account, as well as promote its own chances for continuance in power. Besides, as the *Southern Press* hints, it is well enough, in these times of peace, to lay up precedents for use in seasons of peril. When a slave was suddenly rescued in Boston from the hands of the Law, the army and navy were put in order, and a solemn Presidential proclamation appeared. When a riot breaks out in an obscure country town in Pennsylvania, in consequence of the attempt to arrest two fugitives, United States marines are marched to the spot, and the rioters are committed on the charge of treason. Meantime Southern papers are loud in their praises of the President; they rejoice in his promptness, energy, courage, loyalty. Very well; by and by, the Secessionists of South Carolina undertake to resist United States Law. The President points to his conduct in the Boston and Christiana affairs—conduct sustained so heartily by the South, and coolly says, that, as Chief Executive Officer of the Nation, he must enforce the laws, in the same spirit and by the same means. Who could object? Surely not the South, which is now so willing "to latitudinize the definition of treason."

MR. CHASE AND THE FREE-SOILERS OF OHIO.

The Free-Soil men of Ohio manifest no disposition to follow the example of Senator Chase, in giving support to the Democratic ticket this fall. This is right. His case, as we tried to show, is entirely exceptional, so that his conduct is not a suitable example for his late friends in Ohio. But, while they honorably and steadfastly maintain their own position, let them not denounce him. At the risk of having our integrity questioned we shall vindicate that of our friend, until he give proof that he is false to his principles; and we shall contend for the largest toleration. A paper in New York is not surprised at our refusing to condemn Mr. Chase, and remarks, that we only want a pretext for going over to the Democratic Party. Nonsense! The editor of that paper knows as little of us as he does of real charity. We value our own individuality too much, to take upon us the yoke of any Party; and we shall always be ready to presume upon our independence far enough, to volunteer a word in behalf of a friend, whose honesty is in our judgment unquestionable, no matter where his convictions may lead him. If we are to lose caste with Free-Soilers on account of our *Toleration*, be it so: we do not feel called upon to burn Servetus for the sake of principle.

What we think of Parties, and what we propose to do, may be learned in another article in to-day's paper, which would have been sooner prepared but for our absence. As to Mr. Chase, his support of the Democratic ticket in Ohio, this fall, does not commit him to the National Democratic Party, for better or worse. When the next Democratic National Convention shall have re-affirmed its old resolutions on the subject of Slavery, and nominated a candidate pledged to sustain them, he will be found acting with those who will take their stand on the principle of divorcing the Federal Government from Slavery, and in support of a candidate fully representing it.

SPAIN, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.

The Democratic Organ against the abolition of Slavery and the institution of free Government in Cuba.

The *National Intelligencer* publishes, without comment, the following extract of a letter from a gentleman in New York, whose correspondence in England, it remarks, "is from the most respectable and well informed sources."

"I have a letter by the last British steamer, which states that Spain, France, and England, are negotiating a treaty respecting the guaranty of Cuba. The conditions are that Cuba shall have a local Legislature—a representation in the Cortes at Madrid—and that provision shall be made for the gradual abolition of slavery in the island. I consider the information very reliable."

Our Government has always signified its willingness that Cuba should remain a colony of Spain, avowing, simply, hostility to any project for transferring it to another Power. This reported guaranty does not, therefore, interfere with any position it has taken. Nor can it object to the conditions of the guaranty—the gradual abolition of slavery, and the establishment of the representative principle. If it have no right to interfere to prevent abolition in one of the States of this Union, surely it can have no pretence of right to complain of abolition by an independent State. England and France have put an end to Slavery in colonies close upon our shores, and none claimed that we had a right to remonstrate. Spain may do the same, and remonstrance by our Government would be simply ridiculous and impertinent. We all remember that the British Government used its influence to induce Texas, while an independent State, to abolish Slavery, but Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of State, though he made her policy the ground of urging the annexation of Texas, did not presume to regard it as a violation of the policy avowed by Mr. Monroe; and surely, if, in that case, there was no such violation, there can be none in this, where England and France use their influence, not with an independent State of America, but with their European ally, to induce her to extinguish slavery in one of her own colonies.

These remarks are suggested by the attempt of the Washington *Union* to represent the guaranty mentioned, as a direct violation of Mr. Monroe's policy, and a kind of *casus belli*. It says:

"We are openly told by the Whig organs, upon reliable authority, that British and French diplomacy combined, are just accomplishing, or have already accomplished, this double work of assured abolition and perpetuated despotism on our very borders. It is a work, certainly, in violation of the whole policy of our Government as embodied in the declaration of Mr. Monroe. It is a work over which every friend of free institutions must mourn. It is a work which every Southern State of the Union must look upon with horror.

"Has our Government said anything, or done anything, or taken care to *know* anything, about it? If not, then has the Administration been most fatally false to its high trust. If, on the contrary, our Government, as may be suspected, favors the scheme, or acquiesces in it, let us know the worst at once, and then the people will assuredly know how to apply such remedy in the premises as may yet be practicable. If, in the last place, the Administration does not regard the scheme with favor—if it has ventured to go even to the length of any diplomatic discouragement or remonstrance, let the public mind be relieved without longer delay from its painful forebodings by such small assurance of duty performed in the premises, during the past summer, as the habitual absence of the President and Cabinet from the Seat of Government has left it in their power to give."

Were Cuba to continue as she is, without a guaranty by the allies of Spain against invasion, it is probable that Cuban expeditions from our shores would be repeated, until such a state of things should be produced in the island as to require the sudden and violent emancipation of the slaves, with a view to enlisting them in the service of the Government. *This* would be a result to be dreaded, as a forced emancipation during a civil war, would almost inevitably be attended with great evils. No Southern State of the Union could regard this "without horror." But legal provision for the peaceful abolition of slavery in Cuba, such as is contemplated in this guaranty, would be attended by no such evils, and, though it would exert a moral influence unfavorable to the continuance of Slavery in the United States, would produce no such fearful shock as might follow a forced act of abolition amidst the horrors of civil war.

The advocates of perpetual slavery—and the *Union* seems to belong to this class—will of course deprecate abolition in Cuba, but they will not be able to convince the people of the United States that our Government should go to war to prevent it, especially when with this contemplated establishment of the Law of *Personal* Freedom, *Political* Freedom is also to be associated; for the guaranty includes two conditions—first, the establishment in Cuba, of *Free Labor Institutions*, such as prevail in the more populous section of our own country, and, secondly, the establishment of a *Local Legislature and Representation in the Cortes*, securing to the People the *right to legislate for themselves.* To prevent these great reforms, and to perpetuate Personal Slavery and Civil Despotism in Cuba, the Washington *Union* would have the Government of this country not only intermeddle impertinently with the domestic affairs of Spain, but plunge into a war with France and England! Beautiful Democracy!!

We profess to be quite as sincere "a friend of free institutions" as the Washington *Union*. The desire of *Lopez* to aid the Cubans to obtain civil liberty we sympathized with, because we believed that he was sincere, and that the Creoles were anxious to throw off the yoke. He failed; but we shall be consoled for his failure, if the ultimate effect of his ill-fated expeditions shall be, as seems now not improbable, to give *free labor and popular representation* to Cuba. Another beautiful illustration will then be furnished of the great truth, that God reigns, and is forever making the halting designs and deeds of men subserve his own wise and gracious purposes.

STAND YOUR GROUND.

A citizen of Guilford county, N. C., in a letter to the *True Wesleyan*, dated Aug. 20th, writes:

"You may discontinue my paper for the present, as I am inclined to go Westward, where I can enjoy religious liberty, and have my family in a free country. Mobocracy has the ascendency here, and there is no law. Brother Wilson had an appointment on Liberty Hill, on Sabbath, 24th inst. The mob came armed, according to mob law, and commenced operations on the meeting-house. They knocked all the weather-boarding off, destroying doors, windows, pulpit, and benches; and I have no idea that if the mob was to kill a Wesleyan, or one of their friends, that they would be hung.

"There is more moving this fall to the far West than was ever known in one year. People do not like to be made slaves, and they are determined to go where it is no crime to plead the cause of the poor and oppressed. They have become alarmed at seeing the laws of God trampled under foot with impunity, and that, too, by legislators, sworn officers of the peace, and professors of religion. And even ministers (so called) are justifying mobocracy. They think that such a course of conduct will lead to a dissolution of the Union, and then every man will have to fight in defence of Slavery, or be killed. This is an awful state of things, and if the people were destitute of the Bible, and the various means of information which they possess, there might be some hope of reform. But there is but little hope under existing circumstances."

We hope the writer will reconsider his purpose. In his section of North Carolina there are very many Anti-Slavery men, and the majority of the People have no interest in what is called slave property. Let them stand their ground, and maintain the right of free discussion. How is the despotism of Slavery to be put down, if those opposed to it abandon their rights, and flee their country? Let them do as the indomitable Clay does in Kentucky, and they will make themselves respected.

A DANGEROUS ELEMENT IN SOUTHERN SOCIETY.

The fact can be no longer disguised, that there is considerable danger to the institution of Slavery, from what may be called a party in our midst. There is a certain class in the South rotten upon this vital question. For the last fifteen years it has been gaining, because Southern slaveholders have not placed the stamp of reprobation upon it. Corrupt and infamous politicians have courted this class, for ambitious purposes, until it now begins to show itself in all its strength. Ten years since, Cassius M. Clay began to tamper with this class, and the consequence has been, that a formidable party has grown up in Kentucky against the institution of Slavery. It will soon be the case in all of the slave States. The *National Era* congratulates its readers on the fact that we will soon have an *enemy* at home to contend with. How significant! We must meet this party at the North, and in *the South*, from this time, with the most obstinate resistance. We cannot, in safety, trust Southern men, who are willing to concede, in the slightest degree, to its demands. Every concession makes it stronger and more important. We must strangle it in its infancy, or the day will soon be on us when it will prove too strong for us.

Southerner, (Rome, Ga.)

This dangerous element is the class of non-slaveholders in the South, many of whom are laboring men or small farmers, and unfriendly to Slavery. This is the class to which Cassius M. Clay is appealing. In conversation a few days since with a native of North Carolina, and an old citizen there, he said that, in his county, five to one of the people were opposed to Slavery, but the minority ruled, because it had the *capital*, and controlled the press.

The policy of the *Southerner* has already begun to be carried into effect. Read the account from the *American Telegraph* of the lynching of a citizen of Virginia, simply on account of hostility to Slavery, and also another paragraph, in to-day's *Era*, concerning mob violence in Guilford county, and the self-expatriation of some of its citizens. The question arises—will the white laboring men and poorer classes of the South submit to be made slaves of, or to be driven out as exiles, by the despotism of Capital? The menacing article from the *Southerner* shows that they will have to decide this question soon. Capital is powerful—*but so is the Ballot Box.* Let them remember the four thousand Kentucky voters who lately rallied under the standard of Cassius M. Clay; and indeed, this example, if we may judge from the following item in the *Southern Press*, is already working:

Free-Soilism in Kent.—A letter to the editor of the *Cecil Democrat*, dated Chestertown, Md., Sept. 22d, says:

"The Free-Soilers meet here to-morrow, for the purpose of nominating a ticket, as they say. I do not know their strength, but it is said they can muster from fifty to seventy votes in the county."

* * *

Robert McClelland, of Monroe, Mich., has been nominated for the office of Governor of Michigan, by the Democratic State Convention, which lately met at Detroit. This was a triumph over A. W. Buell, who is thought to be the special friend of Gen. Cass. Mr. McLelland, while in Congress, was an able supporter of the Wilmot Proviso.

NEW YORK DAILY TIMES.

"This new paper is out, the third number having reached us. Mr. Raymond is well known over the country as a writer of force, and possessing a deal of manliness of feeling. Everybody expects his paper to be intellectually able, and to be characterized by the energy and industry which has ever marked him. In these expectations the public will not be disappointed. The New York *Times* will be one of the strong journals of the country; for Mr. Raymond and his helpers will make it *fit* to live, and it will live."—*Cleveland True Democrat.*

We should be careful what we endorse. The first number of the *Times* contained a mean attack on the Free-Soilers of Massachusetts, charging them with Disunionism, and imputing to Mr. Mann, President of the Free Soil Convention, mere personal animosity. A subsequent number had an editorial paragraph about W. L. Chaplin, in which his attempted abduction of slaves is designated as *stealing;* which is going beyond even the Slavery Code of this District, for it has already been ruled in the Courts here, that the abduction of slaves, though an offence punishable with fine, &c., is not *stealing*, nor can the abductors be regarded as thieves. We think the *True Democrat* will reconsider its opinion.

If any of our friends wish a Daily from New York, we commend to their good will the *Evening Post* or *Tribune.* Both are decidedly Anti-Slavery, but the *Post* is less of a partisan than the *Tribune*, and, unlike the latter, sustains, rather than berates, the Free-Soilers.

* * *

The Donaldson Correspondence.—The *New York Herald* follows up the Donaldson correspondence by the publication of a call for a National Democratic Convention, purporting to be signed by the National Democratic Committee. It is evidently the product of the same hand that concocted the correspondence. The names of real members of the National Democratic Committee are used, but there are added the names of several Free-Soilers, such as J. D. Baldwin of Connecticut and H. L. Ellsworth of Indiana. The *Pennsylvanian* of Philadelphia announces that the genuine Committee will soon be called together to consider this outrage upon the party.

These attempts to hoax the public are in every view indefensible and disgraceful.

* * *

The Southern Press says that paganism, polygamy, and promiscuous intercourse among the sexes, exist now in Utah, New Mexico, and California, and threaten to become permanent, because slavery is excluded from those countries! We suppose it regards slavery as a great christianizing instrumentality, and as a complete bar to promiscuous intercourse!

* * *

"P. W. Tompkins.—It will be remembered by our readers that this gentleman, formerly a Representative in Congress from this District, went to California, a few months since, a decided Southern Rights man. We have late news from him, to the effect that he has become a Whig stumper in the El Dorado country, and renounced his 'resistance' doctrines. At a great Whig meeting in San Francisco, lately, in which Judge Tompkins took part, resolutions in favor of the Compromise measures were adopted."—*Lauderdale (Miss.) Repub.*

"Not only has Patrick W. Tompkins renounced his 'Resistance' doctrines, but he is also a warm Anti-Slavery man, and for Land Reform. Most of the politicians who left the Southern States for California are now active 'Abolitionists.'"—*New York Tribune.*

This may be true, but we should like to see the evidence on which the statement is founded. Who are the Southern politicians who have become "active Abolitionists" in California?

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

New Brighton, Pa., *Sept.* 22, 1851.

Dear Doctor Bailey: I feel it incumbent on me to make some explanation of my non-appearance in the "Era" for these many weeks past, lest it should be thought that, lightly esteeming my privileges, I am a voluntary absentee. Now, the sad truth of the matter is, I have been on the invalid list, and have almost lost sight of my vocation. In my best estate, I hardly feel equal to the honorable *rôle* of a correspondent of the "Era," and I have had too much forbearance to inflict on your readers my wild sick-room fancies, or the languid reveries of convalescence. And thus it is, that week after week, I "come up missing," and the columns that once knew me, know me no more.

What a wretched feeling is this sense of uselessness—of the utter waste of time—the loss of long, shining, precious, irrecoverable days; how wearying the vain spasmodic efforts of the will to *drive* into deep and direct courses of thought a wandering and purposeless mind; how intolerable the dull, lethargic, lazy beating of the brain. To me these things are far more dreadful than the keenest pain of severe illness—to me there is no suffering so utterly unbearable as a forced idleness of head and hand. But, thank Heaven, I already feel the full waves of hope and strength flowing back, and gently bearing up my stranded life.

I have lately returned from a visit to Ohio—to the Western Reserve. Not even my illness could destroy, though it sadly marred, the pleasure of that visit. I found myself among a set of true-souled men and women, whose heart-warm kindness and unostentatious hospitality gave me the rest, the assurance, that indescribable home-feeling so peculiarly grateful, so vitally needful to the invalid. More than once came to me those divinely pathetic words, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in—I was sick, and ye ministered unto me."

If your guest, my generous-hearted,
All too mutely from you parted,
Doubt her not—for in her going,
Had her true farewell been spoken,
Must her very soul have broken
Into utterance strange and wild—
Not with praise and blessing glowing,
But a wordless heart o'erflowing,
In the warm tears of a child.

If her brow seemed overcast—
If her smile too quickly passed,
Like the sun of autumn skies,
Like the light of shadowed brooks—
'Twas that she was overshadowed
By the trouble in your eyes,
By the fears, the tender pity
Struggling through your smiling looks.

If her soul seemed heavy-laden,
No weary grief was there—
But as parted lovers lighten
Their breasts of love's sweet care,
And with the precious burden
Weigh down some carrier-dove—
So ye weighed down her spirit,
With too much, too much love.

When in years to be, her heart,
From the whirl of life apart,
Counts its treasures o'er and o'er,
Not as one with care and pains
Counteth up his rightful gains,
But rather with the joy and wonder,
Of one who taketh all as given
By gracious almoners of Heaven;
Oh, precious still, amid that store,
Shall seem the love it staggered under,
In going from your door.

I saw our noble friend, Mr. Giddings, that Ajax of political Anti-Slavery, at his own pleasant home. He was in fine health, and in his usual happy and hopeful spirits. Nothing seems to daunt his large, courageous heart, to weaken its innate love of Freedom and hatred of Oppression. Oh, for a race of such men at the North, with nerve enough to stand up against the lordly ascendency and the more subtle mesmeric power of the Southern character.

The women of the Western Reserve would impress you alike by their mental and moral culture, by their individuality and entire independence. You hear them, among themselves, discussing, not the fit of a dress, the fashion of a bonnet, or the latest pattern of a sack, but all the most important, agitating, or novel questions of the time — Anti-Slavery, Woman's Rights, Spiritual Philosophy, the New Costume, &c. Mr. Giddings amused me by telling of a distinguished Judge, thereabouts, who, having a young law student under examination, solemnly put to him the questions, "Do you believe in the Rappings? Do you go the Bloomer dress?"

I have, as yet, seen no specimen of the new costume which I thought pretty. I think it might be made very picturesque; and provided one had the independence to don it, and feel comfortable in it, nothing could be better for a journey to the Far West, a visit to the Mammoth Cave, a trip to the White Mountains, or for long morning walks in the country.

As a costume for the parlor, or as a common street dress, I surely could not advocate it. But I do advocate the right of every woman to dress as she pleases—to make herself beautiful or hideous, as suits her fancy—provided no just law of delicacy is violated. The cry of immodesty, raised against the new costume, is, it seems to me, most unfounded and senseless.

Still more ridiculous is the accusation, that the Bloomers have unlawfully appropriated the sign and symbol of masculine dignity and dominion. If, in truth, they had robbed you of your heavy, ungraceful "bifurcated garments," you ought to be *inexpressibly* relieved. But at the worst, they have only made free with Moslem privileges, and I doubt not that the gentlemen Mahomedans, more gallant than trans-Atlantic Christians, will have a proper sense of the compliment.

Wherever I went among the friends of the "Era," I found "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" a theme for admiring remark—everywhere I saw it read with pleasant smiles and gushes of irrepressible tears. Mrs. Stowe is winning, not alone "golden opinions," but love and gratitude, and a hearty reverence, by this incomparable story. Its style, its spirit, its construction, scope, and purpose, are alike admirable. Since it has been in course of publication, I have felt that I should not be missed if I stood aside and listened with the rest—like a chorus-singer looking out from the side-scenes, while the Prima Donna stands in front, and with her one surpassing voice reaches and satisfies all hearts.

Those who, like Mrs. Stowe, consecrate genius to a just, but unpopular cause, seem to offer it up as a sacrifice; yet "verily they have their reward." It comes in an almost miraculous increase of power—in the deepening of sentiment, and the exaltation of passion—in the concentration, the mastery of thought — and in a glorious renewal of the beautiful first enthusiasm of life.

The votaries of the world see only what is resigned, in reckless disregard of worldly wisdom—they cannot see the more than equal, the munificent, exchange.

Adieu, Grace Greenwood.

PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHRISTIANA TRAGEDY.

Philadelphia, Pa., *Sept.* 29, 1851.

"How rich, how poor, how abject, how august," this Republic of ours must appear to an observer high enough up and far enough off to see it as it is, and feel it as it deserves! At this moment, of all the nations of the earth, we are in the grandest attitude. Every day adds to our power and glory; and the hopes of the wide world turn to us for an omen of success. Nay, it is even beginning to be felt that our direct interposition is the ultimate reliance of European freedom; that the tyrannies of the Old World are to be defeated on their last battle-field by the arms of the New; that the sword of Washington, which struck the first successful blow for Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, must win the last victory of the heroic faith. I, for one, believe that we are worthy, because we are able to achieve the civil and religious liberty of the world, and that it is our destiny to effect it. Yet this nation, this whole nation, with such a prophecy upon it, is at this moment in full chase upon a slave hunt! busy swearing, praying, preaching, arguing the right of warlike incursions, by armed slaveholders and their train of human bloodhounds, upon the bordering free States, in pursuit of a few wretched fugitives from chattel bondage. And courts and counsellers, national and local, are straining the precedents of feudalism, and refining and attenuating the logic of despotism, to construe the despair of the crushed wretches into treason, and the natural sympathies of humanity into an aiding and abetting of the public enemy! Political profligacy is adding the very maximum of its meanness and malignity; and the pusillanimities of mind and heart which belong to cruelty and cowardice are the ruling sentiments of the day. Not a doctrine of the demon system of masterdom and vassalage, which ever disgraced the "common law" of absolutism, but is evoked from the ruins of that old Bastile, for the service of the modern oppression now struggling among us for its very life.

A few semi-savages, victims of *Maryland* institutions, escape into the free State of Pennsylvania, and their wholly savage masters, with ruffian bailiffs and deadly arms, follow them to fight out the war begun in Africa by the first of the pirate captors; just as the *Far-ups* and *Far-downs* meet in battle array upon our canal and railroad lines, and renew their Old World barbarisms, to the horror of our New World civilization—with all the difference of dignity, however, that there is between the motive of blind passion, which makes no account of life, and the base avarice which hunts solely for the market value of its human prey. Nothing will satisfy our Southern brethren, just now, but the privilege of the chase, with all its revolting incidents daily enacted within our borders; and we are required, besides, to play foresters, pointers, and setters of the game!

If that is the bargain, it is a hard one. If it is only an implication, or a contingency sprung upon us beyond our apprehension of the engagement, and made every day more and more impossible to us, in the mere wantonness of arrogance, we *must be* excused. Law and logic are not even matches for human nature; and their enforcement will be the Devil's death before the demonstration can be quite worked out. The world has a destiny as well as contract duties to fulfil; and it *must* get along. Not only ideas and institutions have changed, however sanctioned, but temples and towers have tumbled into dust, and empires been overturned, with all their burden of interests and their whole apparatus of force; and the slaves and tyrants who resisted humanity's progress lie fossilized in the history of the epoch in their solemn scarecrow ugliness, the jest and scorn of a better day.

It is very idle to talk of the omnipotence and infallibility of parliaments, and the inviolable sacredness of municipal laws, in this age. It touches no man's conscience. Liberty has scourged Absolutism from the temple, and Truth and Right are the authorities of the new time. Not a saint in the calendar, civil or sacred, but has won his title to human worship by greatly violating the laws enacted by "the powers that be;" and the minds of men have the training and the warranty of at least eighteen hundred and fifty years of resistance to the requirements of despotism. The doctrine which justifies national revolutions arises out of the supremacy of reason and conscience over all enactments, whether by Kings, as supreme, or by Governors, or Majorities, or their Representatives, worthy or worthless. A law that builds itself upon a lie, and sets itself for the maintenance of a wrong, must look to such brute force as it can command for all its success. Men's hearts loathe it; men's souls abhor it; everything in it that makes them fit to live and ready to die bids them spurn it. Their outraged humanity vindicates itself. Manhood finds itself greater than institutions, and independent of them; pointing to the desecrated temple and the usurping State, it says, Pull these down, leave not one stone upon another, and in three days I will raise them again, new and holy. Treasons and rebellions, high and petty, constructive and absolute, are inventions, refuges of wrong, and necessary only to the defence of despotism, or order, if you please. This may lie across the pathway of truth and right, but their impediment is nothing to the forward march of manhood, with its great heart fully set upon its rights and duties.

Look at this Christiana Tragedy. Thirty or forty negroes, who receive no protection from the Government, for whom not a law of the statute-book has one careful provision, and who, therefore, owe not the reciprocal allegiance, having a choice, clear of all obligations, to abide the consequences of an appeal to force rather than accept those of submission, stand out with their lives for their liberty, as a hunted beast would do, and as a hunted man, treated as a beast, may surely do, when it is his choice among the chances; and, straightway, the United States of America are in jeopardy of their existence! Ah! is it so? Can a slave at bay shake the model nation of the earth with fear! Is a single atom of God's truth terrible to the world in arms! Can the right make itself felt through the nation, when asserted only by the poorest outlaw, in his naked resistance to his pursuers? And shall we not exult in the Power and Providence ever present, that makes the rebuke of the meanest creature He has made awful to the wrong-doer on his throne?

If this riot had happened, with five times the loss of life, in a mob in Philadelphia, it would have been an affair for the police of the district, and an item in the penny newspapers only; for then it would have been but a common crime and an every-day mischief; a conflict of wrongs, of evil example, indeed, but nothing in it to challenge the organic mischief of our civil system. But at Christiana, as at Bunker Hill, and the Garden of Gethsemane, oppression in the form of law, and with all the claims of established authority, met the everlasting right in open conflict, and men's hearts stand still by a natural instinct, at the monstrous spectacle. They came with "bands of men and officers, armed with swords and staves." In each instance they came in the sacred name of the law, which should be God's will commanding the reverence of men. The sword of Peter resisted the unrighteous violence, and at Bunker Hill, too, they took the sword, though they perished by it. In both cases, the wrong was rebuked, and the usurpation repulsed and defied, for the testimony of truth must at all events be borne in the face of the confronting falsehood. And how should it be at Christiana? Whatever must follow, human nature, even in a flying slave, is oracular, and every sufferer becomes a representative man, and must speak, in whatever way, God's word against oppression.

And now the Government *must* punish that which no punishment can prevent, and no cursed necessity of society can change into a crime. These grand United States must turn the whole force and fury of their fears upon a

score of wretched outlaws, whose worthiest instincts urge them to rebellion!

It is terrible—these three millions standing here, confronting our falsehood, and arraigning us before the bar of the world for base disobedience to the truth of our own standard! It is pitiable—like the slavish submission, and the unavailing resistance; but the heart turns away sick from the sight of that accursed compulsion which is upon us to crush the worm for turning under our heel. A man upon the scaffold, to whom we have left no choice but slavery or death, brutal degradation or what our false system makes a crime, is revolting—it is infernal.

Shall we have a public execution, to provoke the scorn and hate of Heaven and earth? Must we *make* criminals to-day, that a better day may have martyrs to preach, and their blood for baptism? The American Republic hang one man for shooting another in defence of his freedom, his more than life! Must we do this? And must we find a justification for it, not in truth, not in reason, but in our own wretched necessities, obeying a craven fear, and serving a sordid interest, not following a great principle and advancing a vital truth?

I suppose we must. For, if we let these men go, we are not Cæsar's friend!

The political despotisms of the Old World are trembling at the very sound of our name. The oppressed of Europe look to us as the hope of their redemption. We are carrying all the blessings of a high civilization over the whole American Continent. We are demonstrating the capacity of the People for self-government, and opening the world to the light of this truth, and confirming all men in its faith, and—Heaven help us! we are as busy and as anxious, crushing a handful of poor negroes, whom we have ourselves lifted into so much manhood as compels them to resist our wrong, as if we were the pettiest little Ducal despotism that shelters itself under the patronage of Russia!

An honest mistake or an inevitable evil would so far justify themselves as to leave us our courage and confidence; but there is a conviction of guilt that clutches the hearts of the wrong-doers, and occasions all this alarm, all this turbulence of zeal. Real strength is steady; weakness irritated falls into convulsions; and the nation is bent now upon making itself a spectacle for men to

> "Admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep,
> For here there is such matter for all feeling."

SENIOR.

NEW MEXICAN CORRESPONDENCE.

SANTA FE, *August* 18, 1851.

To the Editor of the National Era:

DEAR SIR: After an almost unprecedented drought of eight or nine months, a kind Providence has once more "opened the windows of heaven," and for about two weeks past we have been cheered by daily genial showers, with an occasional torrent. Last night was one of the grandest plays of the elements I ever witnessed, and appearances to-day indicate that it was the "clearing-up shower." We may not have another such rain again till this time next year, for *our* "early and latter rains" usually come all in a pile. The crops will be much better than was anticipated a few weeks since, though in this valley the rain came too late to benefit the wheat. Corn, however, will be much improved. I hardly know what we shall do for breadstuff, as the wheat crop will be very deficient, and there is no American flour in market that can be had for either love or money. I have known $25 per hundred pounds to be offered within a few days past for good American flour, but it could not be had even at that. Other articles of food are more plentiful, and consequently more reasonable. We have Mexican strawberries (very much like the raspberries of the States) in abundance, plums, apricots, and a very diminutive species of apples, not bad in flavor, but not much larger than a good-sized persimmon or crab-apple. I have no doubt but that very good fruit might be raised here, with proper attention and skill; but of those I have named, the plums and strawberries grow in a wild state in the mountains, and even those kinds that are favored with a more special supervision might as well be turned out to shift for themselves. Green corn and muskmelons make up about our vegetable variety at this season, unless I should add onions. In the latter article, I have never seen this Territory and Old Mexico surpassed, or even equalled. Onions are sometimes brought from Chihuahua to this place, as I have been informed, of a size almost incredible.

Colonel Sumner and his forces are now in rendezvous at St. Domingo, about 30 miles southwest of this place. They leave to-morrow morning for the Navajoe country. The movements of Col. Sumner since his arrival have created a great deal of dissatisfaction amongst the people. His course of policy (though I believe he acts under positive instruction from headquarters, without any discretionary powers) is universally condemned; and what appears to me the worst feature in the whole is, that not a single officer of the army with whom I have conversed upon the subject has confidence in him. True, they are rather reserved upon the subject, as we might expect subordinates to be in speaking of their superior officer, where the rule of discipline is as rigid as that of the army, but it requires no superior discernment to tell what the *feeling* is. No one, I believe, is disposed to doubt Col. Sumner's courage or *goaheadativeness*, but the want of confidence is in his *judgment*. It is not difficult to perceive that not a few of the officers start upon this Navajoe expedition with no little misgiving as to its results. Indeed, the expedition, I think, may be set down as at least a problem yet to be worked out to a successful result. Should it fail of a successful issue, no one can venture to predict the results further than that the Territory will be in a more precarious condition than it has ever been since the conquest. Hence, you will readily conceive that the movements of the army will be looked to with intense interest.

The removal of the headquarters of the army from Santa Fe to the Moro river has occasioned much dissatisfaction both in the army and among our citizens. The question of its policy or impolicy I leave for others to decide. Colonel Sumner and the Governor, I believe, cannot pull in the same traces, or even the *same way*. In this matter I should certainly think Sumner in the wrong, *provided* he is acting upon his own responsibility. If he acts, in *all* his policy, under positive instructions, he is not of course censurable. But should the Colonel make a successful expedition to the Navajoe country, it will of course atone for many sins now laid at his door. If, however, he should make a *failure*, his sins will be *unpardonable*.

I intimated in my last letter that H. N. Smith would likely be brought out in opposition to Major Weightman; but, as Captain Reynolds has refused to withdraw his name, neither Smith nor any other would enter upon the course, with only certain defeat before them. The issue is now made up between Major W. and the Captain. Some of the Captain's friends appear to be sanguine of his success, though I think he will be badly beaten. There are no Whig and Democratic parties, proper, here. Several of the appointments by the Governor have been Democrats, and some of his most zealous and influential supporters are Democrats. On the other hand, this has driven Whigs and Democrats of the opposition together, and so the parties stand Governor and Opposition, or Independents.

I see that Webster has been again enlightening "all the world and the rest of mankind" in relation to New Mexico. He declares, in his Buffalo speech, that "there is not the shining face of an African" in New Mexico or Utah. If Mr. Webster knows no better than this, he is lamentably ignorant for an eminent politician. If he makes such speeches for the purpose of deceiving, knowing his statements to be false, he certainly gives the best evidence that he is much more familiar with the "lower law" than the higher. I stated, in a former letter, that, as nearly as I could ascertain their numbers, there were about thirty negro slaves held in this Territory. These were brought here before even the passage of the organic law, and, consequently, by the Mexican laws still in force, were not only entitled to *freedom*, but to the full rights of citizenship, yet they have been, and (those of them that remain) still are, held as property! One of these—a light mulatto woman, claimed by our present postmaster, who is son-in-law to Governor Calhoun—escaped during a former residence of the postmaster in this city, and secreted herself among the Mexicans in the city for about a year. In the mean time her claimant had returned to the States. A short time subsequent to my arrival here last winter, she was discovered, and, at the instance of the present Governor, (as I was informed,) then Indian Agent, was arrested and thrown into jail, from which she was taken by the same personage, as claimant in behalf of his son-in-law, and by him held up to the time of the arrival of the postmaster. She is still held as a *slave*, though anxious to secure her freedom even at a fair price.

No less than four or five of this class have been taken back to slavery in the States since my arrival here. Others are still held in a state of slavery here. Whatever may be the interested statements coming up to Washington from certain quarters, *these are the facts*, as known, perhaps, to every individual in Santa Fe. And upon the knowledge of these *facts* I pronounce the statement of Mr. Webster, in his Buffalo speech, as utterly untrue. I can assure Mr. Webster and others that within a week past advertisements were posted up about this city, offering $100 *reward* for an escaped negro, claimed as a slave, who was arrested, and hurried out of the Territory without the formality even of a trial. While Congress, in its zeal to protect the slaveholder, has attempted to throw open the Territory to the introduction of slaves, she has, in the organic law given to us, made no provision for the security of those unfortunate beings who may be *claimed* as such. True, in some cases, the writ of *habeas corpus* might be served, but under the present "fugitive law" even that safeguard is swept away. A man may snatch away *secretly* any negro in the Territory, however indisputable his right to freedom, and bring him off to Southern slavery, without any one having the opportunity of applying the *habeas corpus*, and then he may snap his fingers at all the officers of the law when his victim is secure, for there is no *kidnapping law* to take hold of him.

As to what Mr. Webster says about the impossibility of slavery ever existing either in this or Utah Territory, *because it can never be made profitable*, it is all shallow sophistry. Tell me, *where was slavery ever profitable?* Can Mr. Webster look over the census tables of our country; can he look over the blasted Paradise of the South, lovely even amid the ruins of her fall; can he trace the crimson records of the past ages—and point to a single instance, of any importance, where slavery has *ever* been profitable? And yet, has it ceased to exist—has it ceased to push its conquests or enlarge its domain, *because* it was unprofitable? Nonsense! Slaveholders do not push their conquests for *pecuniary* ends, though Mr. Webster may see no *higher* and *nobler* end to live for, as would really seem to be the case from many of his elaborate speeches. Slaveholders push their conquests for the purpose of securing *political power and ascendency*, independent of pecuniary loss or gain in the operation. At least this is the case to a great extent. Said General Bradford, of Mississippi, to me, during a trip down the Ohio river about a year ago, "If there is one lesson in geography which you of the North have learned, *it is the geography of a dime!*" One would suppose, from reading some of Webster's speeches, that he never had studied any other. Mr. Webster's Buffalo speech reminds me very forcibly of Esau, after he had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, pleading with his father for a blessing: "And Esau said unto his father, Hast thou but one blessing, my father? bless me, even me, also, O my father!"

Bishop L'Amy and suite arrived here on the 9th, and were received with a *demonstration* on the part of our citizens, something like what we might expect on the entrance of a triumphal warrior. Certainly, if the Bishop is the true representative of the church *militant*, he was not on this occasion without "weapons of warfare" at hand, albeit they were of rather a "carnal" nature. Of course I do not mean to reflect upon the Bishop by these remarks, as I suppose the whole arrangement was made without his knowledge. I have called upon the Bishop, and find him quite an affable and gentlemanly man. He *promises* much in the way of reform, but he will find he has an Augean stable to cleanse, before he gets through the work of purification, even with the *clergy*. The Bishop leaves, I believe, in a short time, for Durango, and perhaps the city of Mexico. I know not what the nature of his mission thither is, but it is rumored here that he has received a missive from the Bishop of Durango, since he arrived here, refusing to surrender the jurisdiction of this Territory, and stating that he had received no order to that effect from the Pope. How much truth there may be in this rumor I cannot say; but if like most rumors, it is rather questionable in character.

The city election came off on the second Monday of this month. Robert Nesbit was chosen Mayor. Eight Councilmen were elected. The act of incorporation passed by the late Legislature was adopted by a popular majority of about 150. The Mayor and Council constitute a complete board, and choose the other officers provided for by the act of incorporation. The Council held its first meeting last night, and unanimously chose H. N. Smith, City Attorney. This appointment will give satisfaction to all, save a *very few*, who need not be named, in the city.

A Government exploring expedition left this city last week, under command of Capt. Sitgreaves. The object is to explore the shortest and most practicable route from Tuni, about two hunded miles southwest of this place, to the Pacific. The exploration, it is thought, has some relation to the contemplated Pacific Railroad. Mr. R. Curran, a young man connected with the topographical department here, and the projector of the best map of this Territory ever gotten up, is one of the party. No better could have been selected, as Curran is familiar with that kind of life, an excellent topographer, as well as a man possessed of a great deal of artistic taste. He was one of the company in the unfortunate expedition of Col. Fremont, in which so many poor fellows perished amid the snows of the Sierra Nevada.

Yours, truly, W. G. K.

P. S. *Aug.* 22.—Lieut. Burnsides has just arrived here from the Copper Mines, *en route* to Washington, for the purpose of receiving further instructions for the Boundary Commission. Bartlett and Maj. Graham have disagreed as to the line, Graham insisting that Bartlett is permitting the Mexican Commissioner to swindle us out of a considerable portion of our fairest possessions. Graham refuses to run the line. Are we to have another quarrel with Mexico?

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

TORONTO, *September* 22, 1851.

To the Editor of the National Era:

Since I last wrote, I have made a rapid tour through the western section of Upper Canada lying between Hamilton, at the head of Lake Ontario, and the river Detroit; bounded on the south by Lake Erie, and on the north by the foot of Lake Huron and a fertile tract of country which is being rapidly settled, that extends to Georgian Bay at the head of Lake Huron.

The distance from Hamilton to Toronto is forty miles, and the trip is made in a steamer in three or four hours. This place I described in a former letter, and shall therefore pass on to Brantford, twenty-two miles distant, situated on Grand river, and which is connected with Buffalo by a steamer that goes and returns four times a week.

Brantford appeared to be a very enterprising and busy place, containing some three or four thousand inhabitants. The Great Western railroad from Hamilton to Windsor, on the Detroit river, runs through Paris—a little village seven miles distant—with which it is proposed to connect a branch extending to Bertie, opposite Buffalo, to effect which a company has been formed, and adequate stock subscribed.

Within two or three miles of Brantford is the Mohawk village or "Institute," in which the children of the Indians are educated and are taught various trades. In this village is the first church that was erected in Western Canada, on the walls of which are the armorial bearings of Queen Anne, and the Indians have a silver communion service, which was presented by her Majesty. The Mohawks have also the "Book of Common Prayer," with select portions of Scripture, which have been translated for them. Most of the copies having been destroyed during the War of the American Revolution, it was reprinted at Quebec in 1780 by the Government.

Twenty-six miles from Brantford is the village of Woodstock, consisting of one street of nearly two miles in length. The country around is one of great fertility, and is extensively cultivated. A number of English gentlemen have purchased property here which they have improved, and who live in very genteel style. I stopped three days at Woodstock, during which Sunday intervened, and had an opportunity of witnessing the rite of confirmation, which was administered to about fifty young persons of both sexes, whose ages ranged from sixteen to twenty-two or three.

Ingersol, a small village, lies twenty miles beyond Woodstock, about a mile from the river Thames, with which, to this point, the road runs parallel. On the opposite side of the river, parties are at work on the railroad, and the result is very visible at Ingersol, where a reputable hotel has been established, and which was so crowded on our arrival that I proceeded in the coach to London, instead of stopping here, as was my original intention, and visiting the works on the railroad.

London, which is twenty-one miles from Ingersol, contains a population of six thousand souls, but does not present so busy a scene as Brantford. From this place coaches start daily for Goderich, on the east side of Lake Huron; Port Laurice, at the head of the river St. Clair, fifty miles above Detroit; Port Hanley, on the shores of Lake Erie, from whence a steamer runs to Buffalo; and to Chatham, on the river Thames, twenty miles from its junction with Lake St. Clair, and fifty-one from Detroit.

I took the latter route, and after being detained two days on the road, owing to the dilatoriness of the postmaster at London, arrived at Chatham late at night, and on the following evening reached Detroit. Thirteen miles from London, we passed an Indian settlement, and about fifteen miles from Chatham passed the battle-ground where the action was fought in 1812, in which the Indian chief Tecumseh lost his life. Here was the site of the village belonging to the Moravian Delawares, which was destroyed on this occasion, and who then removed to the opposite side of the river, where they are at present.

Opposite Detroit there are two or three dead-and-alive villages, forming a striking contrast to the stir and bustle of Detroit, as is the case on the entire extent of the river. Large quantities of salmon trout, white fish, pickerel, and herring, are taken and dried here, and subsequently exported to Indiana, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York.

The weather was excessively hot till Saturday week, when Detroit and other places were visited with a storm of thunder, rain, and wind, which so effectually cooled the atmosphere that on the following day a fire in the stove was quite acceptable. This was followed by a northeaster, which, it appears, did considerable damage on the lake.

The distance from Hamilton to Chatham is one hundred and forty-seven miles. The land in many places did not equal the representations which I had heard of its fertility, being in many places light and sandy, and occasionally wet and interspersed with marsh. It was evident, however, that the road does not lie through the best settled and cultivated part of Upper Canada. Fever and ague appeared to be very prevalent throughout this section of the Province, although its existence was reluctantly admitted by those with whom I conversed. This will vanish, probably, as the country becomes more cleared. Upon the whole, Upper Canada may be considered as healthy a residence as any part of the Western States, and equally productive.

SENEX.

WHIGS OF VIRGINIA.

The Whig State Convention of Virginia, sitting at Charlottesville, last Thursday, nominated George W. Summers and Samuel Watts, as candidates for the offices of Governor and Lieutenant Governor. Great unanimity of opinion, it is said, prevailed. The Convention passed resolutions approving of the Compromise as a final settlement of the Slavery question, and also the following resolutions concerning Mr. Fillmore and the Presidency:

"*Resolved*, That MILLARD FILLMORE, the present President of the United States, by his just appreciation and faithful discharge of Executive duty, his wisdom and skill in the management of our national affairs amidst the most embarrassing difficulties, his loyalty to the pledges of the Constitution and firmness in maintaining the laws passed by Congress for their observance, his patriotic devotion to the Federal Union, and his noble efforts to preserve it as a perpetual bond between sister States, has eminently justified the expectations of the Whig party, and entitled himself to its continued confidence and to the support of the whole country.

"*Resolved*, That the Whigs of Virginia desire to co-operate with their brethren of other States in the furtherance of the same national policy which has so signally marked the present Administration; but they cannot support for the next Presidency any candidate whose fidelity to the Constitution and the measures of adjustment shall not be beyond all question."

WISCONSIN DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

This body met at Madison on the 10th of September, and appointed Timothy Burns, President. Sixty-eight delegates were in attendance. The Convention nominated D. A. J. Upham for Governor, and Timothy Burns for Lieutenant Governor.

The Convention then proceeded to appoint delegates to represent the State of Wisconsin in the Baltimore National Convention. The following persons were sent:

Delegates at Large.—Nelson Dewey and H. C. Hobart: 1st Congressional district, John A. Bryan, of Milwaukie; 2d district, David Noggle; 3d district, John Delany.

State Electors were appointed as follows: *At large*, Satterlee Clark and M. M. Cothren; 1st district, Philo White; 2d, Beriah Brown; 3d, Charles Billinghurst.

The following resolution was adopted. A motion was made to postpone indefinitely, and adopt the platform of 1849, but the substitute was voted down:

Resolved, That the Democracy of Wisconsin now stand where all true Democrats have stood since 1836, on the platform of principles then drawn by that pure and lamented statesman, Silas Wright, and approved by every *National* Democratic Convention since that day. And occupying, as our party does, this devoted position, we would, in their name, repudiate all extraneous issues and sectional tests of party faith, as pernicious, clannish, and disorganizing in their tendency.

The Kenosha *Telegraph*, under the title of "Cause and Effect," publishes the following extract from a letter of Mr. C. H. Donaldson to a friend in Iowa:

"In regard to platforms, *avoid all new tests, especially that of Land Reform.* Partly re-affirm the Baltimore platform, *without offending our Free Soil allies*—who have pledged themselves in good faith to us—as their vote will be most formidable, you may depend upon it; and we can afford to make a few sacrifices of the South where so irascible a disposition is shown.

"If you could but *prevent the passage of Land Reform resolutions in the State Convention of Iowa, and other portions of the West, then Walker, of Wisconsin, could be easily kept in the background, and Houston's chances greatly improved.*"

It adds:

"It is said that several reliable individuals in Wisconsin have been intrusted with these instructions, and as these individuals were prominent in our late State Convention, the suspicion is fully confirmed by their action there. Look how exactly that Convention has complied with the directions of this letter—all new tests have been avoided, especially that of Land Reform, and the Baltimore platform has been partly reaffirmed. Whether, however, it has been done without offending our Free Soil allies, remains to be seen."

LYNCH LAW.

The following is said to be copied from the *Richmond Times:*

"On the 13th inst. the Vigilance Committee of the county of Grayson, in this State, arrested a man named John Cornutt, [a friend and follower of Bacon, the Ohio Abolitionist,] and, after examining the evidence against him, required him to renounce his Abolition sentiments. This Cornutt refused to do; thereupon he was stripped, tied to a tree, and whipped. After receiving a dozen stripes, he caved in, and promised not only to recant, but to sell his property in the county [consisting of land and negroes] and leave the State. Great excitement prevailed throughout the county, and the *Wytheville Republican* of the 20th instant states that the Vigilance Committee of Grayson were in hot pursuit of other obnoxious persons."

Whether this man is an Abolitionist, Secessionist, Jew, Turk, or Hottentot, we do not care to inquire. In any case, the "Committee of Vigilance" deserve punishment, and a stigma will rest upon the Commonwealth of Virginia until they receive their just deserts. How can that State cry out for the punishment even of the Christiana murderers, and yet tolerate within her own dominions such high-handed deeds as this?—*American Telegraph.*

The *Telegraph* speaks out manfully. We should like to hear what the *Southern Press* thinks of this vile outrage. A few weeks since it attributed the prevalence of Vigilance Committees and Lynch Law in California to the exclusion of slavery!

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.

"We heard of a conversation which took place a few evenings since, between one of Elmira's fair daughters and a young merchant of the place, which runs as follows:

"The merchant was speaking of the excellent qualities of a young female friend of his, and closed his remarks by observing that 'she was a noble, generous-hearted lady, and one that was right here,' accompanying the last words with a gesture which bordered near the heart.

"Her reply was 'Fudge! that is half cotton!'"

A similar remark might be made, if applied to the hearts of certain politicians who flourish in these days; but in their cases it would be said their hearts are "all cotton." *

THE AMERICAN CONSUL AT HAVANA.

Mr. Owen, American Consul at Havana, who has been severely censured for his apparent indifference to the fate of the American prisoners in Cuba, has written the following letter in defence.

It is a lame affair, and shows that he has not energy and courage enough for his position:

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
Havana, September 16, 1851.

To the Editor of the Republic:

SIR: In your weekly issue of the 28th ultimo you do me the justice to object to my condemnation without a hearing, and to say that I am probably able to explain to the satisfaction of my countrymen my omission to act relative to the execution of the prisoners who were shot here on the 16th ultimo.

I do not doubt that I shall satisfy every impartial mind that I am undeserving censure, and that I had no opportunity of doing anything in behalf of the unfortunate men who met so sad a fate.

I reside about four miles from this place, and, not being well on the morning of the 16th, did did not reach my office till some time after ten o'clock, where, for the first time, I heard of the capture of about fifty of the men who had come with Lopez to this island in the steamer Pampero. I at the same time heard that the prisoners had been tried, found guilty, condemned, ordered to be executed, the order for their execution sent forward, and that they were about being removed from the harbor where they were to be placed for execution.

Shortly afterwards, the American residing here, who, it is said, called on me, came and mentioned the subject to me, when I said to him that it was too late, and that I could do nothing—that I should not have time to get permission to see the prisoners. Of this I felt perfectly satisfied at the time, and I have since been confirmed in this opinion by the highest authority in the island, who informed me that the execution, which had already been ordered before I reached the city, would not have been postponed for me to have an interview with the prisoners, inasmuch as all I could have asked to be permitted to do had already been done by a gentleman known to some of the prisoners, and for whom they had sent.

Soon after the American referred to left my office, I received the information that a gentleman known to some of the prisoners had been sent for by them, and to him they had delivered the articles and messages they desired to be conveyed to their friends. It was but a short time afterwards that I went to the palace of the Governor and Captain-General, and heard that the prisoners had then been executed.

You will thus see that I had no time to act, and that it was not in my power to do anything for the unfortunate men who had been induced to invade Cuba, with the expectation that they would find the whole island in a state of revolution, and that they would be received with open arms by the whole native population at least.

The charge of indifference to the dreadful condition of such a number of men, the bitterest enemy I have on earth will not believe; and all must believe it to be a base falsehood and an unfounded calumny.

If it were allowable on such an occasion, I would most solemnly declare before God that in my judgment, at the time and under the circumstances, it was not in my power either to have an interview with the prisoners, or to have done anything on their behalf.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, A. F. OWEN.

ARREST FOR LIBEL—AN IMPORTANT CASE.

It is generally known that for some months past libellous reports have been put in circulation, affecting the reputation of Apollonia Jagiello, (now wife of Major Tochman,) a lady who has attracted much attention in this country. There is reason to believe that the hostility of the representatives of Foreign Despotism has had too much to do in giving them publicity. Major Tochman, having at last obtained what he thinks sufficient proof to sustain a criminal prosecution against the parties concerned, has commenced a course of measures which, we have no doubt, will result in the exposure and punishment of the guilty.

We copy the following from the *American Telegraph:*

ARREST FOR LIBEL.

A United States warrant was this morning issued by Justice J. L. Smith, for one Henri de Ahna, upon the following affidavit:

City and County of Washington, D. C.:

Be it remembered, that on this 29th day of September, 1851, before me, J. L. Smith, a Justice of the Peace for the city and county aforesaid, personally appeared Gaspard Tochman, Esq., late Major in the Polish army, and now a member of the United States bar, residing in the city, county, and District aforesaid, who, after being duly sworn, and according to law, says: That a certain man naming himself Henri de Ahna, who lately arrived in this country from Europe, (and represents himself to be a native of Bavaria, and to have been a Captain in the Bavarian army,) is now in this city as a temporary sojourner, and has been for some days or weeks circulating a most wilful and malicious libel against this deponent's wife, born Apollonia Jagiello, who, before she was married to this deponent, came to this country to seek asylum as a political exile, under the protection of Governor Ujhazi, late of Hungary, and his family. The deponent further says, that the libel referred to consists of a printed paper headed "Answer of Henri de Ahna to the citizens of Washington, in regard to certain imputed slanders;" which paper, under the above heading, contains most malicious, false, and unwarrantable libellous imputations, published against said Appollonia Jagiello, now wife of this deponent, in the form of an affidavit purporting to have been made before H. C. Brownell, Justice of the Peace of Williamsburg, in the county of Kings, State of New York, by a German naming himself Charles Koelbel, and styling himself to be a Major in the late Hungary army. The deponent exhibited and filed with this affidavit two printed copies of said libel, to show that the false, wilful, and malicious imputations made, published, and circulated against his wife, amount to a wilful breach of peace against the United States; that they are designed, maliciously, to impair the good name, reputation, and character of this deponent's wife; and that the offence of circulating them is indictable under the laws of the land. The deponent then said, that the Grand Jury not being now in session, he applies to this magistrate for a warrant against said offender, Henri de Ahna, to secure his appearance at the next term of the Criminal Court, by committing him, said Henri de Ahna, in the county jail until he gives a bail sufficient to secure such appearance, and answer the great offence committed against the peace of the people of the United States by reason of circulating aforesaid false, malicious, and wilful libel against the wife of this deponent.

The deponent further says, that he has no evidence to prove that said libel has been written, as it purports to have been, by said Charles Koelbel, styling himself Major of the late Hungarian army; but to prove that it has been circulated by said man, naming himself Henri de Ahna, he brings as witnesses Messrs. T. C. Connolly and James A. Berry, citizens and residents of this District, to whom said offender, Henri de Ahna, handed personally the two copies of libel, which this deponent filed in this office with this affidavit. The deponent lastly says, that he has reason to believe, and does really believe, that, independent of the personal jealousy and animosity connected with wilful malice, said offender Henri de Ahna, has been aided and abetted in circulating said libel by a foreign diplomatic representative and others, from political and other motives, which this deponent expects to prove during the trial of the case. He, the deponent, makes this last statement, which he believes to be true and correct, to show this magistrate that circumstances aggravating the offence are in existence; that, therefore, the amount of bail should be ample and sufficient to secure the attainment of justice, as a small bail would defeat the end, and would encourage other designing and ill-disposed individuals to harass meritorious persons by false imputations at the expense of the people of the United States. GASPARD TOCHMAN.

Subscribed and sworn before me, this 29th day of September, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one. J. L. SMITH, J. P. [SEAL.]

The warrant was served by Officer Wollard, who brought his prisoner before Justice Morsell. Edwin Morgan, Esq., appeared for the accused, and the case being submitted to the Justice, security in the sum of five hundred dollars was required for the appearance of De Ahna before the Criminal Court at its next term. Dr. Charles H. Leiberman entered the bond as his security. The amount, to say the least, is very reasonable.

Subsequently to the above, another warrant of like character was issued by Justice Smith, against the same, but based upon the utterance of another libel, in the publication of a pamphlet entitled "The Greatest Humbug of the Day."

Washington Telegraph.

He was arrested on this second suit, and will be held to bail for his appearance, probably in a still larger amount. As Major Tochman desires simply to establish the truth and to punish the libeler, he will not institute a civil suit, but confine himself to a criminal prosecution.

BENJAMIN RAND CURTIS, of Boston, has been nominated by the President, to fill the vacancy on the Supreme Bench, occasioned by the death of Levi Woodbury. So says the *Republic.*

THE WHIGS OF WISCONSIN have nominated L. G. Farwell and Col. Hughes as candidates for Governor and Lieutenant Governor of that State.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

This Convention met in Cleveland, at Kelley's Hall, on the 24th ultimo. It was called to order by Dr. W. H. Brisbane, on whose motion Samuel Lewis took the Chair temporarily, and B. F. Hoffman was appointed Secretary. Messrs. Errett of Pennsylvania, Julian of Indiana, Clay of Kentucky, Davidson of Illinois, Davis of Maine, Benham of Michigan, Walston of Vermont, and Addington of New York, were appointed a committee to nominate permanent officers for the Convention. A committee on resolutions was appointed, as follows: Giddings and Spalding of Ohio, Errett and Clark of Pennsylvania, Julian and Harding of Indiana, Eastman and Lumley of Illinois, Catell of Iowa, Stansberry and Walston of Vermont, Davis of Maine, Skinner of Connecticut, Addington of New York, Booth of Wisconsin.

The committee on nominations reported the following permanent officers:

President—Dr. F. Julius Lemoyne of Pennsylvania.

Vice Presidents—Woodbury Davis of Maine, Lewis Tappan of New York, Dr. W. H. Brisbane of Ohio, and S. M. Booth of Wisconsin.

Secretaries—B. F. Hoffman and H. F. Brayton of Ohio, and Dr. M. Kelsey of Illinois.

Cassius M. Clay, being called upon, addressed the Convention. He said the question of Slavery was not a question between North and South, but between the aristocracy of Capital, and Labor. He denounced the Fugitive Slave Law, and insisted that it should be repealed, disavowing any intention, however, to counsel violent resistance. The Despotism of Slavery was worse than that of the Russias. The following paragraphs from a report of his remarks in the *True Democrat* define his position in relation to parties:

"A few remarks in regard to state of parties. I have acted, as many of you know, with the Whig party. I advocated the election of Henry Clay, and, subsequently, the election of General Taylor, confiding in the promises which they made me. If there can be any blame attached to me in the matter, it is in acting so long with a party that has proved recreant to every principle of Liberty and Republicanism. The time has come when I must separate myself from that party.

"A word as to policy. We should be innocent as doves and wise as serpents. We must look for strength from the ranks of the Democratic *working* men of the country. It should be the policy of the Government to make every man a landholder. This will be our best standing army—a standing army should consist in a distribution of property. The Whig party embrace the landed property-holders of this country; they are, and always have been, the conservatives of the country; and it is they who will, in the final struggle, join the slave interests of the South."

Mr. Davis addressed the Convention in a few remarks, in which he took occasion to acknowledge the services of Cassius M. Clay.

The *True Democrat* thus notices the speeches of Mr. Lewis and Senator Chase:

"Mr. Lewis reviewed the history of the two great Pro-Slavery parties. He demonstrated that whatever may have been, at different times and in certain localities, the Anti-Slavery professions of the Northern section of either, both have invariably trampled on those professions by their action. He proved, likewise, that those two parties, though as fiercely at loggerheads as ever, have, to all practical intents and purposes, ceased to differ from each other in either their principles or their measures; and that their apparent antagonism is a sheer struggle for office and its emoluments. With no reference to the name of that distinguished gentleman, and with the most courteous recognition of the purity of his motives, and the valuable aid which the exertion of his great powers has rendered to the interests of freedom, Mr. Lewis discussed, with marked plainness, "the *wisdom*" and the grounds of Senator Chase's recent change of position. We think he proved the one to be not "very far-seeing," and the other to be well-nigh baseless. Mr. Lewis stated, very briefly, the position of Mr. Vinton and of Governor Wood—showing that the election of either must inevitably enure to the benefit of slavery. He also stated, likewise very briefly, the principles and measures of the Free Soil Democracy, explaining the occasion and the cause of his having consented to stand, in the present State canvass, as the representative of those measures and principles. His peroration was something which, in our judgment, the Free-Soilers who heard it 'will not willingly let die,' and which the Hunkers who heard it will remember after they are dead, if they do not heed it before. An old Whig, who had never before deemed it worth his while to hear Mr. Lewis, told us it was the best, because the most effective, speech he ever listened to.

"The name of 'Chase' was called in different parts of the hall. Senator Chase ascended the platform, and in a few remarks, expressed in his usual terse diction, avowed his adherence to every Anti-Slavery *principle* which he had ever advocated. He assured the audience that his advocacy of every such principle, and with all the ability with which God had endowed him, would cease only with the cessation of life. And, though he somewhat differed—temporarily, he trusted—from those with whom he had so long acted, and for whom he expressed the continuance of his high and unabated respect, he begged that none, for any light reason, would believe him capable of faltering in his support of a cause to which the best years of his life had been devoted. Want of time, he said, if there were no other reason, would prevent him from saying what, under favoring circumstances, he might feel disposed to say touching his late change of position. Mr. Chase was very attentively listened to, and, we have no doubt, with the very general feeling, that if the change in reference is susceptible of vindication, he is *the* man to vindicate it."

The Convention was further addressed by Mr. Stansberry of Vermont, Mr. Julian of Indiana, and Mr. Giddings.

The number of the *True Democrat* from which we abridge this account contains the proceedings only of the first day. Further accounts of proceedings will be published so soon as received.

CONVENTION AT NORRISTOWN, PA.

At a County Convention held at the Odd Fellows' Hall in Norristown Sept. 19, 1851, for the purpose of electing Delegates to represent this county at the Cleveland Convention, on motion, *Thomas Stroud* was chosen President, *Dr. Hammer* and *George Wright*, Vice Presidents, and *Evan F. Johns*, Secretary.

On motion of Rev. S. Aaron, a committee of three was appointed to draft resolutions to be submitted to the consideration of the meeting. After a brief absence, the following gentlemen, Rev. S Aaron, Jonathan M Roberts, and George Wright, recommended the following resolutions, which were approved. On motion of Jonathan M. Roberts, the following gentlemen were nominated as delegates to the Cleveland Convention: Rev. Samuel Aaron, E. Hicks Corson, L. E. Corson, John A. Arnold, John Roberts, Mathew Roberts.

On motion of Wm. Beale, the proceedings to be published in the Olive Branch, Norristown Free Press, and National Era.

E. F. JOHNS, *Secretary.*

Whereas we believe that the people (whether constituting State or Nation, or composing the smaller political divisions into which they may be arranged) are as much responsible for the evil resulting from their acts as communities, as are individuals for the wrong and injustice done by them; and whereas we believe that for any portion of such people to relieve themselves from that responsibility, they must omit no opportunity to protest against and resist by all honorable means such action, on the part of the Government under which he may be called to act, as in their estimation would result in injury to themselves or others; therefore,

Resolved, That taking a restrospect of the events that have transpired since the National Convention at Buffalo in 1841, we see only an increased urgency for action on the part of those opposed to any further implication of either our State or the National Government in the damning guilt of enslaving men.

Resolved, That in the so-called compromise measures passed by the last Congress we see a settled purpose on the part of those who enacted them to extend, propagate, and perpetuate slavery, and that, too, through the instrumentality of the National Government—and that as far as they tend to those ends we will oppose them, now and always, by all justifiable means.

Resolved, That we will cease to agitate the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia only with its extinction therein.

Resolved, That we will never consent to the admission of more slave States into the Union, or the acquisition of slave territory out of which to create such States.

Resolved, That we regard the Fugitive Slave Law passed by the last Congress, and sanctioned by President Fillmore, as a desecration of the National statute books and a libel upon the name of law—and that we regard its enactment as a violation of the Constitution, and an entire subversion of every security heretofore recognised as a protection to the lives, liberty, and property of men.

Resolved, That a law passed by the Congress of the United States authorizing (as this does) the arrest of men without process, their trial without a jury, and their condemnation without the privilege of an appeal, is a disgrace to the American people, which can only be wiped away by its prompt, absolute, and entire repeal; and that our unceasing efforts will be exerted to procure that result.

Resolved, That we believe in a higher law than the one in question, and that we will never hesitate to obey the one and violate the other, whenever the homeless fugitive shall ask for shelter, food, or raiment, at our hands.

Resolved, That we cannot sufficiently express our abhorrence at the attempt made by those passing that law to stifle, by a tyrannical exercise of power, the best instincts of our natures, and that language fails us in expressing our detestation of that enactment.

GREAT FIRE AT BUFFALO.—A very destructive fire broke out here on Friday night, September 26th. The whole of the section of the city known as the Hooks, together with several squares north, between the Niagara Falls Railroad and the Lake, are in ashes. The flames are still rapidly spreading, and the wind blows a gale from the south, rendering the exertions of the firemen almost powerless. The damage is already very great, and there is no telling when the fire will be checked.

Friday, September 26—1 *P. M.*—That portion of the city extending along down between the Canal and the Terrace is entirely destroyed. Thousands of poor people are rendered houseless, and millions of property has been consumed. An area of no less than ten acres has been burned over. The flames have just been checked, though the wind is still blowing a perfect gale from the south. One dead body has been taken from the ruins, and a fireman is seriously burned.

"VIOLATING THE COMPROMISE MEASURES."—The Fugitive Slave Law is one of the noted "Compromise measures" of the last Congress. An attorney at Shawneetown plead this law in behalf of his client, a runaway negro, and the Judge discharged the slave accordingly. The Democratic paper at Shawneetown now charges the attorney with "violating the Compromise measures!" The editor thinks it a good law when it holds the negro, but very bad when it lets him go.—*Jacksonville (Ill.) Journal.*

ELECTION OF A NEW YORK EPISCOPAL BISHOP.—The Protestant Episcopal Convention of New York, on the 26th September, elected Rev. Dr. Creighton Bishop, on the 8th ballot. Of the clerical votes, 91 were necessary to a choice, and Creighton received 105. Of the lay votes, 85 were necessary, and Creighton received 87, Wainwright 77, scattering 2. Creighton was then declared unanimously chosen.

OBITUARY.

Died at his residence near Lafayette, Indiana, on the 7th of August, WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, in the 62d year of his age.

Brother Cunningham was born in Augusta county, Virginia, of pious parents, whose religious instructions and prayers were owned of God, in his conversion, when about twenty-one years of age, at which time he united with the Presbyterian church, of which till the time of his death he continued an exemplary, a beloved, and a faithful member.

Honorable in his dealings as a man of business, faithful in his friendships, affectionate and devoted as a husband and a father, zealous and untiring in his duties as a Christian, his memory will long be cherished by those who knew him, and *most* by those who knew him *best*.

The illness which took him to his long home came upon him suddenly and without warning, but he died like one who felt a consciousness that his work was done. He sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. Truly, the memory of the just is blessed.

In him the *slave* has lost an earnest friend, community an honorable citizen, and the church a faithful, praying member. But who can describe the loss sustained by his family. *Here* the blow falls heaviest. May the God of all comfort and consolation sustain them under it, and enable them to say, "The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." [Presbyterian, please copy.]

Lafayette, August 25, 1851.

WINNEBAGO COUNTY, ILL.

A Convention of the friends of Freedom in this county will be held at the Court-House in Rockford, on Wednesday, October 15th.

Messrs. St. Clair, Kelsey, Henry Bibb, and other speakers from abroad, are expected to be present. A full and highly interesting meeting is anticipated.

Per order of the County Committee.

Rockford, Ill., Sept. 21, 1851.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Among the inventions of modern science, few confer a greater benefit on the community than that contribution of chemistry to the healing art, known as *Ayer's Cherry Pectoral*. In our advertising columns may be found the evidence of distinguished gentlemen, that shows their confidence in its peculiar efficacy to cure distempers of the throat and lungs.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

Dates from London to the 10th.

The United States mail steamship Washington, Geo. W. Floyd commander, left Bremen on the 5th and Southampton on the 10th, arrived in New York on the 23d, with 186 passengers.

Among the passengers is Captain Brown, with the officers and crew late of the yacht America, which has been sold for £5,000.

The demand for cotton at Liverpool was good.

Messrs. Braman have paid the £200 awarded to Mr. Hobbs for picking their lock, but protest against the fairness of the award.

Kossuth.—From Turkey we hear that the question relative to the Hungarian refugees at at Kiutahia is settled. The Sultan has resolved to put an end to an unjust confinement, calculated only to compromise the character of his Government. The American steam frigate Mississippi, placed by the President of the United States at the disposal of Kossuth, was to repair from Smyrna to the Dardanelles on the 1st instant, to await their arrival. On the same day the refugees would quit Kiutahia, and embark at Joumelk in a Turkish steamer for the Dardanelles. Kossuth was to be accompanied by M. Lemmi, a Tuscan, his private secretary; by Generals Perczel and Wisosky, and Count Batthiany, with their families, and 20 other superior officers. The frigate will convey these personages to America, stopping a few days in England.

TRACES OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN—AMERICAN EXPEDITION.

News from the American Exploring Expedition to the 17th September, 1850, has been received in England, in a letter addressed to the admiralty. It is transmitted by the master of the bark True Love. The persons whose graves are mentioned belong to Franklin's crew.

DAVIS STRAITS, *July* 24, 1851.

MY LORDS: May it please your Lordships to receive at my hands the enclosed testimony, received, on the 12th of July, of the American searching vessels, of the account of their voyage in search of Sir John Franklin. On the 13th of September, 1850, they left all the searching vessels at Cape Martyrs, Cornwallis Island, they not being able to pursue any further westward direction from that date. A harbor called the Assistant Harbor, discovered by Captain Ommanney, three miles south of Cape Martyrs, was the place in selection by them to winter in. The bay ice was forming very strong at that time, yet the Advance and Rescue were determined to proceed homewards; but, unfortunately, however, a gale sprang up and drove them up Wellington Channel 50 miles, and afterward they were frozen in. The American Captain De Haven told me that the winter was very mild, and that he can give no further particulars respecting Sir John Franklin than the enclosed account. He said he was determined to go to the seat of search again, after having wintered; and all the documents received from the admiralty and others I gave to him.

Memoranda.—1. On the 26th of August, 1850, traces were found to northward of Port Innis, Wellington Channel, confirming those previously found at Cape Riley by Captain Ommanney. These consisted of fragments of clothing, preserved meat tins, and scraps of papers, one of these bearing the name of McDonald, medical officer in the expedition.

2. On the 27th, Captain Penny's parties reported graves. These were at once visited by Captain De Haven, Mr. Penny, and Dr. Kane. They bore respectively the names of W. Braine, R. M., and John Hartnell, of the Erebus, and John Torrington, of the Terror, the date of the latest death being the 3d of April, 1846. Added to these sad but unmistakeable evidences, were the remains of the observatory, carpenters' shop, and armorers' forge. Upon the hill side and beach were fragments of wood, metal, and clothing, with stacks of empty meat tins. Everything indicated permanency and organization. There can be no doubt that the cove between Cape Riley and Beechy Island, facing Lancaster sound, was the first winter station of the missing vessels. On the 31st of September the impervious ice of the Wellington Channel underwent a complete disruption, and by the 6th several vessels penetrated to the Cornwallis side. Such, however, was the impenetrable character of the pack in Lancaster Sound, that by the 10th of September the entire searching squadron were again concentrated about eight miles south of Griffith's Island. This was the furthest west attained by the American expedition. The latest dates from Commodore Austin are of the 13th of September.

They were then in momentary expectation of making winter quarters, and it is probable that a small harbor, discovered by Captain Ommanney, about three miles east of Cape Martyrs, will be the haven selected. Thence the American vessels, while proceeding homeward, were frozen in opposite Wellington Channel, drifting during the ensuing winter from a latitude of 75 25 throughout the channel and sound to Baffin's Bay.

Their liberation, after much exposure and trial, took place on the 10th of June, 1851, at a point south of Cape Walsingham, 65 30—a linear drift exceeding 1,050 miles. The commotion of the ice, with its attendant uncertainty, was their chief source of trial. Every officer and man had marked scorbutic disease, but no deaths have occurred. The crews are now refreshed, and the expedition is endeavoring to regain the seat of search.

I have, &c., E. K. KANE,
Surgeon to the Expedition.

The London News of the 10th instant gives great importance to these notes, and says:

The intelligence of traces of Sir John Franklin and his companions has been scanned with eagerness by the veteran Arctic explorers now reposing on their laurels at Woolwich; and many of them are sanguine in the expectation that they may yet have the pleasure of welcoming at least the surviving portion of the noble crews who left Woolwich in May, 1845, with the Erebus and Terror. It may be interesting to know that the Royal Marine whose grave was found was Sergeant William Braine, of the Woolwich division, who volunteered to proceed to the Arctic regions with the Exploring party, although he had only recently returned from service in China.

Kaffir War.—By the steamship Hellespont, dates are received from the Cape of Good Hope to August 1:

Sir Harry Smith appears to have made no movement of consequence during the previous month, while the Kaffirs and Hottentots are spreading themselves through the eastern provinces, and penetrating settlements previously considered secure from danger.

A correspondent at the Cape, under date Aug. 1, says: "From what I can learn, Major Warden has been defeated in the Sovereignty, the Kaffirs are within five miles of Uitenhage, and the war consequently in the heart of the Colony."

No further supply of troops had reached the Cape subsequent to the arrival of the Vulcan.

THREE DAYS LATER.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP AFRICA.

Liverpool dates to the 13th.

Two Councils had been held in Paris, at which the President of the Republic presided, to discuss Cuban affairs, and it was unanimously resolved to take efficient measures, with or without the concurrence of England, to protect the rights of the Queen of Spain.

The *Morning Chronicle*, in an article on Photography at the Exhibition, says:

"The exhibition of daguerreotypes in the United States department is of a very superior character. In the arrangement of the groups, and in the general tone of the pictures, there will be found an artistic excellence which we do not meet with in many others. This has been attributed to peculiar atmospheric conditions, but we believe it to be due to a great extent also to superior manipulation. This extra care is, we are inclined to think, to be traced to the general dislike of artificially-colored photographs in the United States."

A Persian Ambassador has arrived in England. He is a fine, handsome man, about forty years of age. He was dressed in the costly and picturesque costume worn by the highest ranks in Persia. The sleeves and collar of his cloak were ornamented with gold embroidery, the clasp of his girdle was studded with diamonds, and a brilliant star was suspended on his breast. He wore the high conical cap of the Persian country. He was accompanied by a dragoman and a servant. An extensive suite accompanied him from Persia to Turkey, nearly the whole of which he took leave of at Constantinople.

Metternich is writing a book, and that book is the History of Austria during his own time.

In Italy, everything is going on in the same desperate way. In Venice, a priest named Delloeca has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for circulating some of Mazzini's proclamations.

At Rome, poor Calandrelli, the flower of valor and honor, after many months of the harshest treatment in the prisons of the Castle of St. Angelo and St. Michel, was at length condemned either to death or imprisonment for life. By the intercession of the Prussian Government, this sentence was commuted to perpetual banishment; but, although a considerable time has elapsed, Calandrelli still languishes in confinement. The four young men who were condemned to twenty years' imprisonment for burning Bengal lights on the anniversary of the Republic have also obtained the favor of banishment, instead of the former sentence. The unfortunate Ercoli, who was condemned to twenty years in chains, for having found fault with a person who was smoking a cigar, has died of despair in the dungeons of Narni.

THE YACHT TRIUMPH.

The following letter from the Hon. William C. Rives, our Minister in Paris, to Col. Hamilton of New York, (says the *New York Express*,) shows how deep an interest, everywhere, was felt in the success of the yacht America:

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, *August* 24, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR: I congratulate you with my whole heart on the success of the gallant America in her contest with the Royal Yacht Squadron the day before yesterday, the result of which has just been communicated to me here.

When I had the pleasure of seeing you at Paris, I told you how much I felt our national honor and interests to be involved in the issue of any match the America might engage in at Cowes, and how much I relied on the sagacity, judgment, and skill of Commodore Stevens, with his spirited and patriotic companions, to uphold the reputation of our glorious flag. The contest has now been decided; and the America, and with her and our American stars and stripes, have been once more victorious. And what a victory! To beat *Britannia*,

> "Whose flag has braved a thousand years the battle
> and the breeze;"

to beat her in her own native seas, in the presence of her Queen, and contending against a fleet of seventeen sail of her picked models of naval architecture, owned and personally directed by the proudest names of her nobility—her Marlboroughs and her Angleseys—is something that may well encourage us in the race of maritime competition which is set before us.

The destinies of the world in regard to civil and political liberty, and progressive civilization of every kind, must depend in a great degree upon that power which shall obtain a permanent ascendency on the seas. Ever since the demonstrations of our naval aptitudes and prowess which the war of 1812 gave rise to, all eyes have been turned to America as a candidate for that great and glittering, and if rightly used, most noble prize. I have always said that our ships are our best representatives abroad, and Commodore Stevens and his brethren of the New York Yacht Club have shown how well they understand their mission. Honor and thanks to them, then, for having added another glorious day to our national calendar; for so highly do I estimate the importance in its effect, direct or indirect, of their successful achievement of peaceful rivalry the day before yesterday, that the *twenty-second of August* is destined, in my opinion, to take rank in our annals with those days which have been rendered memorable by victories won at sea or on land, or have been otherwise endeared to us by associations connected with our national renown.

And how opportunely has all this come to raise us up from the depressing effects of our supposed failure in the exhibitions of the Crystal Palace—an arena in which I have always been inclined to question the policy of our appearance at this time in the character of competitors, as it was early to be foreseen that objects of mere luxury and artistic elegance would be predominant there, in regard to which it was not to be expected that so young a people could contend on equal terms with the older and more luxurious nations of Europe. Ship-building, and the arts of seamanship, however, with other pursuits of the useful and the original, belong to the bold and adventurous youth of our country, and I trust it is now demonstrated that in these we need not fear a comparison with the rest of the world. The arts of elegance will follow in their turn and in due season. In the mean time, we cannot cherish with too much pride and fondness that element of our national strength which, in the extraordinary mechanical improvements of the age, has become an indispensable means of security and self-defence, while it must in the end exercise a controlling influence upon the destinies of the civilized world.

In this connection, I trust our legislators will not be unmindful of the high duty they are under of giving an effectual encouragement and support to the noble enterprise that has been commenced with such brilliant success in your city for vindicating our equal share in the navigation of the ocean between the Old and New World by steam; and the whole nation will, I am sure, rise up and cheer the America by their joyous and spontaneous acclamations, (the only encouragement, happily, which she requires,) as soon as the news of her success shall meet our shores.

I have not the pleasure of being personally known to Commodore Stevens, but I pray you to present my best respects to him, with my warmest thanks as an American citizen for the proud leaf he has added to the chaplet of our naval and national renown.

Believe me, my dear sir, very truly and faithfully, yours, W. C. RIVES.

Col. James Hamilton, at Cowes.

FROM THE RIO GRANDE.

PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION IN TAMAULIPAS AND NEW LEON.

We learn from a gentleman who has recently returned from the Rio Grande, that a revolutionary party has been organized in the departments of Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon, and Coahuila, sufficiently powerful, he thinks, to expel the Government troops, and establish an independent Government in all the valley of the Rio Grande east of the Sierra Madre.

Their plans are so well matured that a decisive blow will probably be struck in a few weeks. A large number of volunteers from Texas have been enlisted, and large quantities of arms, ammunition, and military stores, have been procured to carry on the war against the Central Government. Upwards of two hundred Texan volunteers were encamped near Roma a few weeks since, waiting for orders from Canales and his associates.

It is said that Gen. Avalos and the other officers in command of the Mexican forces are aware that the great mass of the people of those departments are opposed to the Central Government, and that they have intimated to the leaders of the revolutionary party that they can offer but a feeble resistance if a respectable military force is brought to operate against them. It is also said that Gen. Avalos has actually removed a portion of his property to Brownsville, in anticipation of the success of the revolutionary party.

Carabajal at present is the ostensible commander of the revolutionary forces; but as soon as offensive operations are commenced, it is probable that Canales will take the command in person. The Americans along the Rio Grande are quite confident that this movement will be successful, as the Central Government is so destitute of means that it is unable to pay the soldiers now stationed along the frontier, and they are consequently very much dissatisfied. It is believed that a large number of Government troops will join the standard of Carabajal as soon as it is displayed on the west bank of the Rio Grande.

Many of the merchants on this side of the river are willing to aid the revolutionary party, as they have suffered severely from the impositions of the Mexican custom-house officers. The trade of Brownsville, Roma, and of most of the towns on the east bank of the Rio Grande, has lately been almost ruined by the Mexican revenue officers, who have endeavored by the most tyrannical impositions to prevent Americans from trading with any of the towns or settlements in the interior.

Houston Telegraph, September 5th.

BENTHAM'S BOOK OF FALLACIES.

An early number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains the following notice of Bentham on Irrevocable Laws:

Fallacy of Irrevocable Laws.—A law, says Mr. Bentham, (no matter to what effect,) is proposed to a legislative assembly, who are called upon to reject it, upon the single ground, that by those who in some former period exercised the same power, a regulation was made, having for its object to preclude forever, or to the end of an unexpired period, all succeeding legislators from enacting a law to any such effect as that now proposed.

Now it appears quite evident that, at every period of time, every Legislature must be endowed with all those powers which the exigency of the times may require; and any attempt to infringe on this power is inadmissible and absurd. The sovereign power, at any one period, can only form a blind guess at the measures which may be necessary for any future period. But by this principle of immutable laws, the government is transferred from those who are necessarily the best judges of what they want, to others who can know little or nothing about the matter. The thirteenth century decides for the fourteenth. The fourteenth makes laws for the fifteenth. The fifteenth hermetically seals up the sixteenth, which tyrannizes over the seventeenth, which again tells the eighteenth how it is to act under circumstances which cannot be foreseen, and how it is to conduct itself in exigencies which no human wit can anticipate.

> "Men who have a century more of experience to ground their judgments on, surrender their intellect to men who had a century less experience, and who, unless that deficiency constitutes a claim, have no claim to preference. If the prior generation were, in respect of intellectual qualification, ever so much superior to the subsequent generation—if it understood so much better than the subsequent generation itself the interest of that subsequent generation—could it have been in an equal degree anxious to promote that interest, and consequently equally attentive to those facts with which, though in order to form a judgment it ought to have been, it is impossible it should have been acquainted? In a word, will its love for that subsequent generation be quite so great as that same generation's love for itself?
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> "Not even here, after a moment's deliberate reflection, will the assertion be in the affirmative. And yet it is their prodigious anxiety for the welfare of their posterity that produces the propensity of these sages to tie up the hands of this same posterity forevermore—to act as guardians to its perpetual and incurable weakness, and take its conduct forever out of its own hands.
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> "If it be right that the conduct of the nineteenth century should be determined not by its own judgment, but by that of the eighteenth, it will be equally right that the conduct of the twentieth century should be determined not by its own judgment, but by that of the nineteenth. And if the same principle were still pursued, what at length would be the consequence? That in process of time the practice of legislation would be at an end. The conduct and fate of all men would be determined by those who neither knew nor cared anything about the matter; and the aggregate body of the Living would remain forever in subjection to an inexorable tyranny, exercised as it were by the aggregate body of the Dead."—*Pp.* 84–86.

The despotism, as Mr. Bentham well observes, of Nero or Caligula, would be more tolerable than an *irrevocable law*. The despot, through fear or favor, or in a lucid interval, might relent; but how are the Parliament, who made the Scotch Union, for example, to be awakened from that dust in which they repose—the jobber and the patriot, the speaker and the doorkeeper, the silent voters, and the men of rich allusions—Cannings and cultivators, Barings and beggars—making irrevocable laws for men who toss their remains about with spades, and use the relics of these legislators to give breath to brocoli, and to aid the vernal eruption of asparagus?

If the law is good, it will support itself; if bad, it should not be supported by the *irrevocable theory*, which is never resorted to but as the veil of abuses. All living men must possess the supreme power over their own happiness at every particular period. To suppose that there is anything which a whole nation cannot do, which they deem to be essential to their happiness, and that they cannot do it, because *another* generation, long ago dead and gone, said it must not be done, is mere nonsense. While you are captain of the vessel, do what you please; but the moment you quit the ship, I become as omnipotent as you. You may leave me as much *advice* as you please, but you cannot leave me *commands;* though, in fact, this is the only meaning which can be applied to what are called irrevocable laws. It appeared to the legislature for the time being to be of immense importance to make such and such a law. Great good was gained, or great evil avoided, by enacting it. Pause before you alter an institution which has been deemed to be of so much importance. This is prudence and common sense; the rest is the exaggeration of fools, or the artifice of knaves, who eat up fools. What endless nonsense has been talked of our navigation laws! What wealth has been sacrificed to either before they were repealed! How impossible it appeared to Noodledom to repeal them. They were considered of the irrevocable class—a kind of law over which the dead only were omnipotent, and the living had no power. Frost, it is true, cannot be put off by act of Parliament, nor can Spring be accelerated by any majority of both Houses. It is, however, quite a mistake to suppose that any alteration of any of the Articles of Union is as much out of the jurisdiction of Parliament, as these meteorological changes. In every year, and every day of that year, living men have a right to make their own laws, and manage their own affairs; to break through the tyranny of the ante-spirants—the people who breathed before them, and to do what they please for themselves. Such supreme power cannot indeed be well exercised by the people at large; it must be exercised therefore by the delegates, or Parliament, whom the people choose; and such Parliament, disregarding the superstitious reverence for *irrevocable laws*, can have no other criterion of wrong and right than that of public utility.

When a law is considered as immutable, and the immutable law happens at the same time to be too foolish and mischievous to be endured, instead of being repealed, it is clandestinely evaded, or openly violated, and thus the authority of all law is weakened.

Where a nation has been ancestorially bound by foolish and improvident treaties, ample notice must be given of their termination. Where the State has made ill-advised grants, or rash bargains with individuals, it is necessary to grant proper compensation. The most difficult case, certainly, is that of the union of nations, where a smaller number of the weaker nation is admitted into the larger senate of the greater nation, and will be overpowered if the question comes to a vote; but the lesser nation must run this risk. It is not probable that any violation of articles will take place, till they are absolutely called for by extreme necessity. But let the danger be what it may, no danger is so great, no supposition so foolish, as to consider any human law as irrevocable. The shifting attitude of human affairs would often render such a condition an intolerable evil to all parties. The absurd jealousy of our countrymen at the Union, secured heritable jurisdiction to the owners; nine-and-thirty years afterwards they were abolished, in the very teeth of the Act of Union, and to the evident promotion of the public good.

MECHANISM.—No. XVII.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK.

Legislatures, Government functionaries, and the public press, are concentrating and combining their efforts for the promotion of practical science, with a unanimity, energy, and patriotism, which insure speedy and triumphant success. With Legislatures the only question is, the best mode of advancing an object recognised by all as fundamental for individual and general prosperity, combined in wealth, science, and morals. Government functionaries, of our own and foreign nations, gladly improve opportunities to use their official relations and influence, as well they may, to strengthen the only safe foundation on which rest all the institutions and appointments of the Governments under which they act.

The President of the United States shows, both by word and deed, that his official dignity, in his view, is not lowered, but elevated, by appearing in the centre of a congregation of children, to administer to them words of encouragement, and to distribute among them tokens of approbation to the most deserving. A Judge in high standing says: "I shall gladly use all my influence upon the bench, in the social circle, and through the public journals, for the advancement of such an object"—science, universally diffused, and largely applied for supplying human wants, for enlightening and elevating human beings.

A foreign Minister said: "The system proposed (scientific reciprocation) is, in my opinion, calculated to promote enlightened and pacific intercourse among nations. I shall therefore earnestly recommend it, both to institutions and individuals in my own country, as eminently calculated to benefit themselves by extending their benefits to others."

The printing press, professedly the supreme organ of light, and possessing an omnipotence in its controlling influence, now more than ever before is the patron of science. This character of the public press has already to some extent changed newspapers into school books. By becoming generally both the patrons and the vehicles of science, they will find in the schools of our country a new, large, and rich field of labor, and schools will recognise them as the richest fountains of knowledge, furnishing streams abundant and perennial.

Each of these three depositories of power—Legislatures, Government functionaries, and the public press—furnishes at once an index of public sentiment, and an agency for rendering that sentiment a reality. Such a sentiment gives to each of these agencies, provided expressly for securing and advancing the objects of its pleasure, a mandate which is absolute, not to be disobeyed, except by the displacing of such agency, for giving place to another ready to yield obedience to the authority which created it.

The object having the combined and separate support of these three agencies, is not something in the wind, which no one can possess or define. It is perfectly definite, and within the reach of every one disposed to hold out his hand to take it. The simple, plain, universal laws established by the Creator for controlling every operation in the physical, intellectual, or moral world, *science, applied to human wants*—to be in the possession of all, constitute the object aimed at by the Legislature, its functionaries, and the press, under the peremptory order of public sentiment, whose word is law, whose mandate cannot be disobeyed. Hence the progress of "practical science" must be rapid, its success certain, its completion triumphant.

EXPERIMENTS.—Some five years since, the public schools of New York recognised *patriotism* as an object proper to be embraced in their system of instruction. To show it in deed more than word, they directed a portion of each week to be employed by their pupils in preparing specimens of writing, drawing, mechanism, needle-work, mineral collections, and other productions of nature and art, for *distribution* in aid of the cause. This new and strong motive power upon young minds caused many teachers entirely to change their tables in relation to punishment. Instead of saying to their pupils, "If you do not get your lessons you must stay after school," they said, "If you will get your lessons you may stay after school, to prepare specimens to send to the members of our Legislature, to United States Senators, and others in Congress, to school conventions, superintendents of schools, foreign ministers, and other agencies for aiding them *to let their light shine.*" Among a hundred members of Congress and more, one acknowledged the reception of such specimens by saying, "I shall gladly use all my influence, when I return home, whither the beautiful specimens sent me are forwarded, to promote a system which every one must approve." It may probably be said with safety, that in every case in which patriotic feelings and sentiments have been presented as motives to study and orderly deportment in schools, the results have been less punishment and greater improvement.

RAILROAD JUBILEE AT BOSTON.

SPEECH OF LORD ELGIN.

LORD ELGIN having risen to respond to a sentiment, was greeted with loud applause, and spoke as follows:

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen: It is not very customary with us for any individual to take it upon himself to return thanks for the toast which you have just now so cordially, so enthusiastically drank. I feel an additional difficulty in rising to discharge that duty at this time, because I have at my left hand a gentleman who holds an important diplomatic station in this country, (Sir Henry Crampton,) and from whom response to that toast would come perhaps more appropriately than from myself. In obedience, however, to the call of his honor the Mayor, and in compliance, I believe, to the wishes of my friend on my left, I rise to express in the name of all British subjects here present—for I feel that every one of them has an equal right with myself to answer that toast, Canadians, Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen—in behalf of them all, I beg leave to express our cordial and hearty thanks for the manner in which that toast has been received by you.

Gentlemen, as I have the honor to address myself to a company which consists in the greater part of persons who live under different institutions from myself, perhaps I may be permitted to observe that we British subjects honor and respect our Queen, not only because of her exemplary character, but many public and private virtues, and the singular tact and firmness which has enabled her to protect the well being of her own people, and to secure the cordiality and good will of mankind, but also because we recognise in the constitutional and hereditary throne upon which she is seated the symbol of our national unity, and the type of the continuity of our existence as a people. [Applause.]

Allow me, gentlemen, because there seems to be in America some little misconception with regard to our characters and customs, to observe that we, monarchists though we be, enjoy the advantages of self-government, of popular elections, of deliberative assemblies, with their attendant blessings of caucuses, stump orators, and log rollings—[laughter]—and I am not sure but we sometimes have a little pipe-laying—[renewed laughter]—almost if not altogether in equal perfection with yourselves. I must own, gentlemen, that I was exceedingly amused the other day, when one of the gentlemen who did me the honor to visit me at Toronto, bearing the invitation of the Common Council and the Corporation of the city of Boston, observed to me, with the utmost gravity, that he had been delighted to find, upon entering our Legislative Assembly at Toronto, that there was quite as much liberty of speech there as in any body of the kind in this country! [Laughter.] I could not help thinking that if my kind friend would only favor us with his company in Canada for a few weeks, we should be able to demonstrate to his entire satisfaction, that the tongue is quite as "unruly a member" on the north side of the line as on this side. [Renewed laughter.]

Now, gentlemen, you must not expect it, for I have not the voice for it, and do not pretend to undertake to make a regular speech to you. I belong to a people who are notoriously slow of speech. [Laughter.] If any doubt exists on that subject, I never heard of it; and such doubts must have been removed by the verdict which has been pronounced by high authority on that subject; for a distinguished member of the American Senate, who has lately been in England, has informed his countrymen that, pre-eminent as John Bull is in many particulars, in one thing he always makes a lamentable failure, which is when he undertakes to try his hand at public speaking. [Laughter.] Now, gentlemen, deferring as I feel bound to do, to that high authority, and conscious that in no particular do I more correctly and truly represent my countrymen than in my stammering tongue and embarassed utterance, [continued laughter,] you may judge what my feelings are when I am asked to address an assembly like this, convened under the hospitable auspices of the Corporation of Boston, I believe to the tune of some four thousand, in this State of Massachusetts, a State which is so famous for its orators and its statesmen—a State that can boast of Franklins, and Adamses, and Everetts, and Sumners, and Bigelows, and a host of other distinguished men—a State, moreover, which is the chosen home, if not the birthplace, of the illustrious Secretary of State of the American Union. [Applause.]

But, gentlemen, although I cannot make a speech to you, I must tell you in the plain and homely way in which John Bull sometimes expresses his feelings, when his heart is full to overflowing—that is to say, when they do not choke him and prevent his utterance altogether, [sensation]—in that homely way I must express to you how deeply grateful myself and all those with me [hear, hear] are for the kind and gratifying reception we have met in the city of Boston. For myself I may say that the city of Boston could not have conferred upon me a greater favor than that which they have conferred in inviting me to this festival, and in giving me an opportunity not only to receive the hand of kindness which has been extended to me by the authorities of the city and of the State, but also the opportunity, which I never had before and perhaps may never have again, of paying my respects to the President of the Republic of the United States. [Applause.] And although it would ill become me, a stranger, to presume to eulogize the conduct or the services of President Fillmore, yet as a bystander, as an observer, and by no means an indifferent or careless observer, of your progress and prosperity, I think I may venture to affirm that it is the opinion of all impartial men that President Fillmore will occupy an honorable place on the roll of illustrious men on whom the mantle of Washington has fallen. [Applause and cheers.] Somebody must write to the President, and tell him how that remark about him was received. [Laughter.]

Gentlemen, I have felt a very deep interest in the progress of the lines of railway communication, of which we are now assembled to celebrate the completion. The first railway that I ever travelled upon in North America forms a part of the great line which now unites Montreal to Boston. I had the pleasure, about five years ago, to be travelling with a friend of mine, whom I see now present, (Gov. Paine,) I think as far as Concord, upon that line.

GOV. PAINE, of Vermont. It was Franklin.

LORD ELGIN. He has contradicted me; he says it was not Concord, but Franklin. But I will state another thing, in which he will not contradict me; which is, that although we travelled together two or three days, over bad roads part of the way, we never reached a place which could have been with any propriety christened Discord. [Laughter and applause.]

Well, gentlemen, although I take a deep interest in this line, I must tell you, because I never wish to sail under false colors, that it is not the exclusive object of my preference; for I am free to admit that there are other lines, connecting the Canadas with the ocean at other points, in which I also take a lively interest. But I come here to express my sense of the great obligation which the trading portion especially of the people of Canada are under to the city of Boston for their liberality and enterprise, not only because they have opened new channels of trade, but also because by the great outlay in these works, as stated by the Mayor, and by the satisfactory results of these outlays, you have shown how greatly the settlement of a new country may be advanced, how greatly the value of property may be increased, and how largely the general aggregate wealth may be augmented by expenditures of that kind, when judiciously conducted. I think that from your example, we Canadians will return home, certainly not "sadder," but "wiser" men than we came here. [Applause.]

There was another reason for my coming here at this time. I wanted to say, by my presence here, that I appreciate and value the moral and social as well as economical effects of these increased facilities of intercourse. By coming here over your lines, to tender to you the hand of good fellowship, I wanted to show that I was aware that your lines were made to transport men and women, as well as for the carriage of bales of goods and barrels of flour. I cannot forget that the year in which I thus come to tender you the hand of good fellowship is likely to be a memorable year in the history of our species. It is a year in which a new planet has been added to our solar system—a planet which has been, with singular felicity and singular appropriateness, christened Irene, the planet of Peace. [Applause.]

And, as I have touched upon that point, allow me to say that I have felt most deeply the kind terms in which England has always been alluded to by all whom I have met, since I entered within the territory of the United States. [Applause, and cries of hear, hear.] I cannot say that I feel surprised when I hear Americans speak in the way his honor the Mayor has spoken of England; but I am sometimes surprised and shocked, although now much more rarely than some years ago, I am happy to say, to hear language of a different kind from Americans respecting England. I remember that the code of an illustrious lawgiver of an ancient Grecian republic was remarkable, because, although it contained a vast number of special provisions and details, relating to all sorts of crimes, there was no mention made of the crime of parricide. It was perfectly well known that the omission did not arise from any doubt as to whether parricide was a crime. And although it may be a *casus omissus* in the criminal codes of your Republic, I trust that no person will be allowed, without being considered blameworthy, to speak ungenerously or disparagingly of his old grandmother on the other side of the Atlantic. [Applause.]

Sir, it is impossible to live as long as I have done in America without entering very keenly into the feelings of pride and gratification with which Americans, and Canadians too, talk of their country. It is wonderfully progressing, and has wonderful resources. But when I hear boastful language indulged in, partaking of a tone somewhat disparaging as respects other countries which are less advantageously situated than themselves, I cannot help thinking of an eloquent passage in the writings of my most eloquent friend, now no more, the late Dr. Chalmers, in which he refers to the simultaneous discovery of the telescope and microscope. He dilates in his gorgeous and emphatic language upon the vast lights shed by each in its respective sphere upon the beneficence, the wisdom, and the power of the Almighty. So would I say to such a speaker as I have just referred to.

Sir, when you have satisfied your gaze by contemplating the magnificent scene spread out before you; when, with the aid of the telescope, you have scanned those mighty prairies which the ploughshare has not yet broken; when you have cast your eyes upon those boundless forests which the axe has not yet touched; when you have travelled over those extensive territories which are underlain by valuable mineral fields which the cupidity of man has not yet rifled—when you have gazed upon all these to your heart's content, just lay your telescope aside, and take this little microscope from me, and I will show a little island, far hidden behind that eastern wave—an island so diminutive that you might take it up hodily and toss it into the lakes which lie between the Canadas and the United States without filling them up, but which, nevertheless, as my friend the Mayor has pointed out, was the source whence came forth the valor and the might which laid on this continent the foundations of empires. [Applause.] Permit me to say, that all wisdom and judgment have shown that without love of liberty and respect for order and for law you can have no sufficient security that your empire will prove enduring.

Now, gentlemen, before I take my seat, permit me to close—[cries of "go on."] Why, gentlemen, it must be the air of Boston, for I never made so long a speech before in my life. [Laughter.] I will now offer to you as a sentiment—

"Prosperity to the trade and city of Boston."

No one, I am sure, will question the sincerity with which I propose this toast, for most assuredly if I had not wished well to the trade of the city of Boston I should not be here now. It may be that some of those Western towns, which spring up in a night, and grow in the twinkling of an eye from small villages to towns of a respectable population, may progress more rapidly than Boston; but there is a stability and a solidity about Boston which I must say is agreeable to an old monarchist like myself. I see buildings in Boston which look as if intended not only for the owners, but for their sons and their sons' sons to live in after they are dead and gone. I know it has been the practice to say that a Yankee would not be satisfied with Paradise, if there was any place further west to which he could go. [Laughter.] But I think it is very clear that a good many of the regular sort of Yankees seem to have found Boston an exceedingly proper place for a permanent location, although it happens to be one of the very furthest eastern places in the whole country.

As regards the citizens of Boston, I shall not attempt to detail their merits, for their name is Legion; but there is one merit which they always seem to possess in a great degree—it is the virtue of courage. Upon looking very accurately into history, I can find only one instance upon which it appears to me that their courage entirely failed them. I see a great many military men present, and I am afraid I shall challenge them; [laughter;] and what do you think that occasion was? I find, upon the most authentic records, that the citizens of Boston were carried away by an entire panic when it was first proposed to build a railroad from Boston to Providence, under the apprehension that themselves, their children, offices, and stores, and all they possessed, would be swallowed up bodily by New York. [Laughter.] I hope that Boston has wholly recovered from that panic. I think it is some evidence of it that she has laid out fifty millions in railways since that time. I beg to offer the sentiment I proposed a few minutes ago, and to express my earnest hope that the city of Boston may pass equally unscathed all difficulties she may have to encounter in her path of onward progression.

The toast was received with cheers, in which Lord Elgin took the lead; after which, three cheers were given by those assembled for Lord Elgin himself.

SPEECH OF MR. EVERETT.

MR. EVERETT arose and spoke as follows:

May it please your Honor: It is not easy for me to express to you the admiration with which I have listened to the very beautiful and appropriate speech with which his Excellency the Governor General of Canada has just delighted us. You know, sir, that the truest and highest art is to conceal art, and I could not but be reminded of that maxim when I heard that gentleman, after beginning with disabling himself, and cautioning us in the outset that he was slow of speech, proceed to make one of the happiest, most appropriate, and eloquent speeches that ever fell from the lips of man. If I were travelling with his Lordship in the mountains of Gael, I should say to him, in the language of the natives of those regions, *sma sheen*—very well, indeed, my Lord. But, under present circumstances, I will say, in plain English, sir, that what has fallen from his Lordship has given me indeed new cause to rejoice that "Chatham's language is my mother tongue."

I do not rise, sir, to make a long speech. I think it would be rather out of taste for any one who is at home in Boston and the vicinity, unless in the performance of official duty, to make anything which could be called a long speech on this occasion. All the crowded hours of this busy day belong to our much-honored guests—to those distinguished visiters who adorn the occasion with their presence. From them, indeed, sir, the company cannot hear enough to gratify the earnest desire which is felt to listen to their voices, and to catch their words of encouragement and congratulation.

Besides, sir, there never was an occasion which stood less in need of a laborious commentary to set forth its importance. If ever there was anything which might be left to speak for itself, it is this mighty and all but animated system of railroads that now embraces New England and the neighboring States and Provinces, and which, more than realizing these enormous sea monsters of which we read in northern legends, winds its sinuous way through the gorges of the hills, leaps across the rivers, stretches over the plains, clings with one of its Briærean arms to Boston Bay, grapples to Diamond Rock with another, seizes with the right upon Providence, and New York, and Albany, and Buffalo, and the farthest South and the farthest West; while on the left he is already stretching forth his feelers upon New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. In the presence of this miracle of science, and art, and capital, I feel, sir, that we have no need of flowers of rhetoric or figures of speech.

We have, sir, in this part of the country long been convinced of the importance of this system of communication; although it may be doubted whether the most sagacious and sanguine have even yet fully comprehended its manifold influences. We have, however, felt them on the seaboard and in the interior. We have felt them in the growth of our manufactures, in the extension of our commerce, in the growing demand for the products of agriculture, in the increase of our population. We have felt them prodigiously in transportation and travel. The inhabitant of the country has felt them in the ease with which he resorts to the city markets, whether as a seller or a purchaser. The inhabitant of the city has felt them in the facility with which he can get to a sister city or to the country, with which he can get back to his native village, to see the old folks—aye, sir, and some of the young folks—with which he can get a mouthful of pure mountain air, or run down in dog days to Gloucester, or Philip's beach, or Plymouth, or Cohasset, or New Bedford.

I say, sir, we have felt the benefit of our railway system in these and a hundred other forms, in which, penetrating far beyond material interests, it intertwines itself with all the concerns and relations of life and society; but I have never had its benefits brought home to me so sensibly as on the present occasion. Think, sir, how it has annihilated time and space in reference to this festival, and how greatly to our advantage and delight. When Dr. Franklin, in 1754, projected a plan of union for these colonies, with Philadelphia as the metropolis, he gave as a reason for this part of the plan that Philadelphia was situated about half way between the extremes, and could be conveniently reached even from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in eighteen days. From Portsmouth to Philadelphia in eighteen days! I believe the President of the United States, who has honored us with his company at this joyous festival, was not more than twenty-four hours actually on the road from Washington to Boston—two to Baltimore, seven more to Philadelphia, five more to New York, and ten more to Boston.

And then Canada, sir, once a remote, inaccessible region—Canada, now brought to our very door. If a journey had been contemplated in that direction in Dr. Franklin's time, it would have been with such feelings as a man would have now-a-days who was going to start for the mouth of the Copper Mine river and the shores of the Arctic sea. But no, sir; such a thing was never thought of—never dreamed of. A horrible wilderness, rivers, and lakes unspanned by human art; pathless swamps, dismal forests that it made the flesh creep to enter, threaded by nothing more practicable than the Indian's trail, echoing with no sound more inviting than the yell of the wolf and the war-whoop of the savage—these it was that filled the space between us and Canada. The inhabitants of the British Colonies never entered Canada in those days but as provincial troops or Indian captives; and lucky he that got back with his scalp on. This state of things existed less than one hundred years ago; there are men living in Massachusetts who were born before the last incursion of French and Indians to the banks of Connecticut river.

As lately as when I had the honor to be the Governor of the Commonwealth, I signed the pension warrant of a man who lost his arm in a conflict with the French and Indians in one of the border wars in these dreary Canadian forests; and now, sir, by the magic power of these modern works of art, the forest is thrown open, the rivers and the lakes are bridged, the valleys rise, the mountains bow their everlasting heads, and the Governor General of Canada takes his breakfast in Montreal and his dinner in Boston, reading a newspaper leisurely by the way, which was printed a fortnight ago in London. In the excavations made in the construction of the Vermont railroads, the skeletons of fossil whales and paleozoic elephants have been brought to light. I believe, sir, if a live whale had been seen spouting in Lake Champlain, or a native elephant had walked leisurely into Burlington of a summer's morning, it would not be more wonderful than our fathers would have regarded Lord Elgin's journey to us this week, could it have been foretold to them a century ago, with all the circumstances of despatch, convenience, and safety.

But, sir, as I have already said, it is not the material results of this railway system in which its happiest influences are seen. I recollect that eight or ten years ago there was a project to carry a railroad into the lake country in England—into the heart of Westmoreland and Cumberland. Mr. Wordsworth, the lately deceased poet, a resident in the centre of this region, opposed the project. He thought that the retirement and seclusion of this delightful region would be disturbed by the panting of the locomotives and the cry of the steam-whistle. If I am not mistaken, he published one or two sonnets in deprecation of the enterprise. Mr. Wordsworth was a kind-hearted man, but entirely mistaken in this matter. The quiet of a few spots may be disturbed, but a hundred quiet spots are rendered accessible; the bustle of the station-house may take the place of the druidical silence of some shady dell; but, gracious heavens, sir! how many of those cathedral arches, entwined by the hand of God in our pathless woods, are opened to the grateful worship of men by these means of communication!

How little of rural beauty you lose, even in a country of comparatively narrow dimensions like England—a little strip along the line of the road which partially changes its character, while as the compensation you bring all this rural beauty,

> "The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
> The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields,"

within the reach, not of a score of luxurious tourists, but of the great mass of the population. You throw it open, with all its soothing and humanizing influences, to thousands who, but for your railways and steamers, would have lived and died without ever having breathed the life-giving air of the mountains. Yes, sir, to tens of thousands, who would have gone to their graves without ever having caught a glimpse of a glorious, combing, waving wave, as its soft green ridge bursts into a crest of snow, and settles and dies along the sands; ay, sir, and who would have gone to their graves the sooner for the privation.

But even this is nothing compared with the great social and moral effects of this system in binding the States together as one family, and uniting us to our neighbors as brethren and kinsfolk. I do not know, sir, but in this way, from the kindly seeds which have been sown this day in your visit to Boston, and that of the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded and accompanied you, our children and grandchildren, as long as this great Anglo-Saxon race shall occupy the continent, may reap a harvest worth all the cost which has devolved on this generation.